JOHN BULL, week ending Dec. 19, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1905

3D EVERY THURSDAY

UNITED WE MUST STAND by the Editor

TOUGH SAINT OF HONG KONG

THE JIG-SAW TAKES SHAPE By A.G.G.

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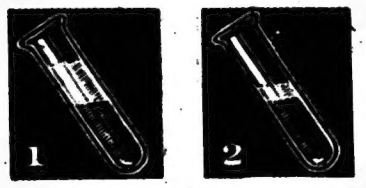

Here is positive proof that Mazo doubles the lather and cleansing energy of soap. Compare the test-tubes containing the same amount of soap, and see how Mazo in test-tube No. 1 increases the quantity of lather.

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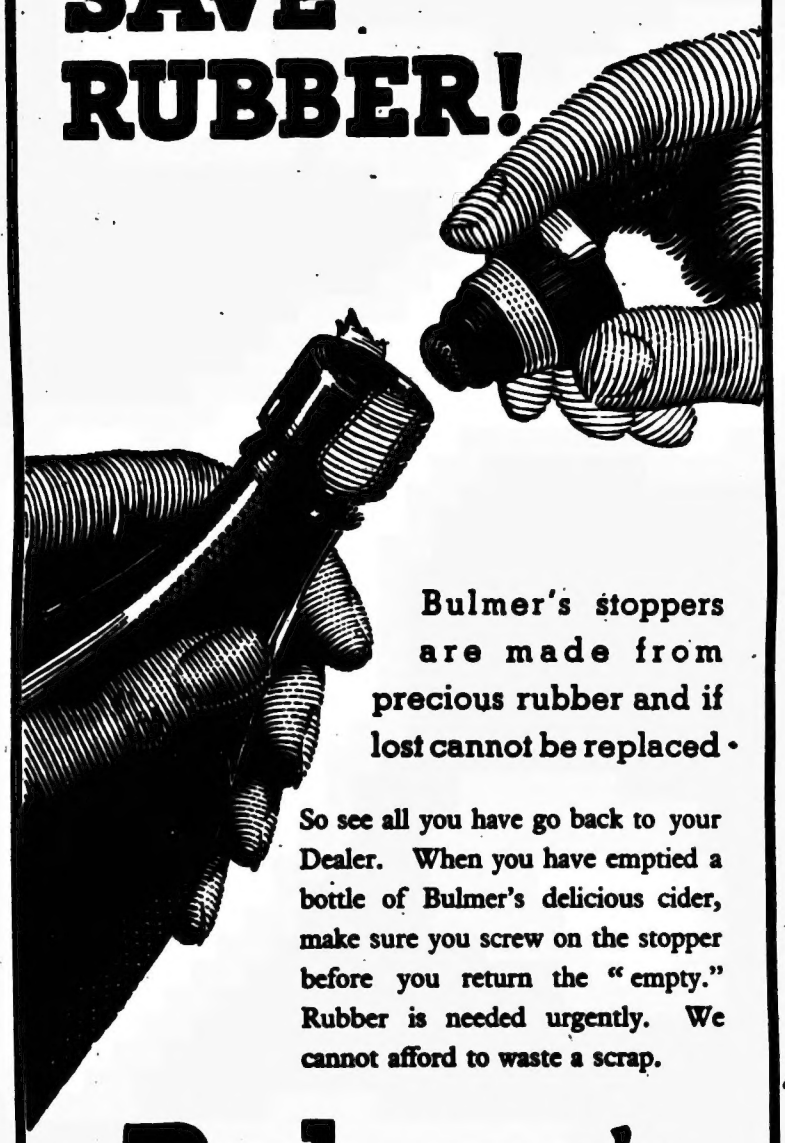

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SUPPLIES ARE RESTRICTED. USE SPARINGLY.

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We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Supplies are being distributed as evenly as possible and should be available equally for children, invalids and for those who drink Horlicks at bedtime.

diphtheria is DEADLY

Diphtheria is highly infectious and is caused by germs entering the nose and throat from the breath of others. Every year there are 60,000 cases of diphtheria, with 3,000 deaths mostly among children under five.

Immunisation protects against diphtheria. It consists of two, or at the most three, simple injections that strengthen the body's natural defences against diphtheria. It is very rare indeed for a child who has had a full course of injections to develop fatal diphtheria.

The younger a child is Immunised the better; immediately after the first birthday is best. But all children, from one to fifteen should be Immunised. Immunisation is FREE—ask now at your local Council's offices or Welfare Centre.

Immunisation is safe and simple.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH D.16

BACKGROUND OF *Quality*

Good wine like good glass varies its character from age to age. To-day wine is produced in Britain as it was when drinking vessels were still fashioned from cows' horns. But British wine to-day is of another quality. Juice of Empire grapes has given it sunshine and life. There's body in it and character. And, thanks to V.P., it is still obtainable, though naturally scarcer than it was.

POINT BRAND WINES

British wines made from finest Empire grapes have been fermented and matured in the wood at the Vine Products vintnery in Surrey, since the early days of the century. The British Wines bottled by Vine Products include V.P. RICH RUBY, V.P. SWEET WHITE and V.P. BRITISH SHERRY, all at 5/6 a bottle.

Illustrated is a Jacobite drinking glass of a type oftenused to commemorate one of the Pretenders.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 19, 1942, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

HELD UP

Suffering from burns, a mother told a coroner last week how she had vainly tried to save her two children from being burned to death in the old 'bus that was her home.

The coroner was told she paid 14s. a week rent. He suggested she had been exploited.

Quite so. And we find it regrettable that the local council, which has banned the use of the 'bus after the death of the two babies, did not save the mother from exploitation while they were alive.

Not only that mother, but many others from bombed cities, are being held to ransom by provincial landlords just because they have children.

And it seems to us that local authorities are far too reluctant to use their billeting powers to secure accommodation at reasonable rents for the victims.

Because, you know, there are still quite a few big houses which would provide that accommodation.

It's strange that the billeting officers pass them by.

Straight from the Shoulder

THESE ARE URGENT

LET us look beyond the sands of Africa and the snows of Russia.

Look behind the momentous battles now raging to the four factors on which our hopes, our designs, our very fate, depend.

We must face them squarely if we are to win through.

Growing Peril

FIRST, there is the U-boat menace. The Prime Minister himself has said that the peril "is not diminishing, but growing."

To remember that 548 ships have been lost in *one* year in *one* theatre of operations—the Western Atlantic—is to realise the gravity and extent of the Nazi attack on our life-lines.

Winter no Ally

We cannot expect this winter to bring a respite.

The U-boat has been greatly improved. It can withstand all but the roughest weather. It can overtake all but the fastest liners.

Three years of war should have brought equally big improvements in our counter-measures. But Mr. Churchill's warning does not suggest much improvement.

Belated Move

Sir Stafford Cripps is now surveying the problem. His appointment followed the blunt words of General Smuts, who stressed the equally blunt views long expressed by JOHN BULL.

And Cripps, it is said, has found room for a very great deal of improvement in both the idea and the method of combating the U-boat.

Brushed Aside

We can quite believe it. How many important suggestions have been brushed aside with the stock brand of soothing syrup: "We are not altogether unacquainted with the possibilities of this or that device"!

Indeed, it is whispered that Cripps has already encountered opposition to "new-fangled scientific nonsense."

Clean Sweep

Well, the Government should stand no nonsense from the admirals.

There have been clean sweeps from time to time in the War Office and the Air Ministry, with the result that we now have excellent teams in both.

If necessary, there should be a clean sweep in the Admiralty.

No Impediment

No one, however high his rank or whatever his personal influence, should be allowed to impede the full use of our scientific resources.

We have simply got to beat the U-boat if we are to launch great offensives next year.

Mr. Alexander, rightly proud of the Navy's grand achievements and multitudinous activities, must wield the big stick in some departments.

Call for 'Planes

SECONDLY, we must answer the imperative call for more aircraft of top quality.

The aeroplane grows in importance as the war progresses. We have only to look at our position in Africa, at the difficulties of the Germans on the Russian front, to realise that.

We have numerical superiority over the enemy. But we must overwhelm him. Our 'planes are still ahead in quality. We must maintain that lead.

Wide Front

To cover our enormous battle fronts, we must have enormous air fleets.

Fighters to destroy the *Luftwaffe*, to provide an "umbrella" for our land and sea forces. Bombers to smash the enemy's arms centres. Gigantic carriers to transport men and equipment. Trainers and reconnaissance machines.

And the last word has not yet been said on the destruction of U-boats from the air.

All-Out War

Already the R.A.F. and the other air fleets of the United Nations are carrying out so many operations each day that many of them can be but briefly indicated in the official communiqués.

Yet the boys in blue would like to do much more. They must be given the weapons with which to do more.

The speed of our victory will depend on the speed with which we can translate air superiority into a virtual monopoly of the air.

Placing the Men

THIRDLY, the vexed question of man-power must be decided.

Given the labour, we can produce all the 'planes we need. Given the labour, we can produce all the food we want. Given the labour, we can produce all the equipment in this part of the war zone—and thus save an immense amount of shipping.

Holding the Balance

Certainly we must not starve the Armed Forces of recruits.

But neither dare we commit the terribly short-sighted error of flooding the Armed Forces with men who should be producing the 'planes and ships, tanks and guns that we need.

We must strive to hold the balance between the minimum requirements of industry and the Services.

Quality First

The time has gone when the might of an army could be judged by its size. We have ample evidence that a comparatively small army, highly trained and superbly equipped, backed by adequate air power, and capable of great mobility, can win every time against larger but less mechanised forces.

It is to be hoped that this evidence has been closely studied by our leaders.

People's Call

FOURTHLY, it is a matter of urgent necessity to make known our plans for the world when victory has been won.

Why urgent? Because our people are concerned with greater issues than military triumph and a negative peace.

They are insistent that the peace, to be worth our heavy sacrifices, shall be permanent, prosperous and just.

Telling the World

It is urgent because the subjugated peoples of the world are straining their eyes for a gleam of encouragement.

Urgent because our plans would have tremendous effect even in the countries of our enemies.

Ready for Peace

It is urgent, moreover, because world planning must inevitably take long to frame and discuss.

Anarchy and chaos will ensue if we are caught unprepared for peace. Therefore, we must begin to plan *now*.

Finding Jobs

World strategy is no less essential for planning the peace as for planning the campaigns of this war.

The finest economic brains of all the United Nations should be engaged on the many problems that will have to be solved.

Plainly, we shall not be able to maintain full-time employment in Britain unless the whole world is properly organised.

Stop the Scramble!

Here, an emphatic warning must be sounded.

Some of the people who urge preparation for peace seem to visualise a return to the dangerous, costly and crazy methods of 1939.

They want to start scrambling for "markets" now. They advocate the building of great fleets of commercial 'planes so that "we can get in first" when normal trade can be resumed.

City Anarchists

They would be horrified if you called them anarchists. But anarchists they are.

For they are opposed to sensible economic laws. They want, not planning, but that absence of planning which means "every country for itself."

It was that uncontrolled, cut-throat competition which resulted in slumps and mass unemployment, the burning of crops, artificial shortages—and promoted war.

Sensible Way

No, this time we must plan the world's resources so that they will be available to all.

We must plan so that prosperity will be world-wide and on a firm basis.

So that—to take our own country as an example—we can carry out the great reforms of the Beveridge scheme, see that there shall be no Depressed Areas or queues at the employment exchanges, and raise the standard of life and health for the whole community.

Broad View

There is no other way. We cannot try to sit tight in our own islands and let the rest of the globe go hang.

Poverty in Asia brings poverty everywhere. Mass unemployment in Europe eventually causes a slump in America.

If we are to ensure decent conditions for Britain, we must obtain decent conditions throughout the world.

Time to Act

Hence the need to plan the peace—and to plan it well in advance of victory.

We are beginning to reap military successes. We must see that they are made the steps to that goal we have set ourselves.

In this fourth year of war, it is time to look ahead.

(Continued overleaf)

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

In addition to

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

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Registered readers automatically qualify for the full benefits of "John Bull's" Free Wartime Security Gift. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. Registration Forms can be obtained from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WORKPEOPLE have been sent to prison for deliberately damaging their machines.

We shed no tears for them. If we could review their sentences, we should probably give them a longer term.

But some business men, dismayed to find that necessary war measures are reducing their profits, are wrecking something more than a machine.

They are sabotaging State control and therefore stabbing the whole nation in the back.

Laughing Stocks

It is easy for them to make a laughing stock of any Minister who tries to impose control on their trade.

A word here, a word there—and a Plan to provide more munitions, or save transport, or share food and other necessities more fairly, becomes unworkable.

Just Words

What happens then? There is no Old Bailey case.

The Ministers concerned meet the trade interests. They plead for their co-operation. They speak of Smoothing out Difficulties.

Prosecute!

But sabotage is sabotage. To impair the war effort in the interests of your own pocket is plain sabotage whether you call yourself a machine minder, a manufacturer or a middleman.

For anyone guilty of it there should be one penalty. Not an appeal for co-operation, but the stiffest sentence of hard labour the law permits.

Concertina Discords

Not sabotage, just selfishness, is the cause of the fuss being made in some small towns.

The Government proposes to "concertina" their non-essential industries and thus release more workers and more machines for the war.

Some rich employers at once accuse the Government of seeking to ruin the towns. Workers are artfully persuaded to join in the uproar.

Gentle Reminder

It may be hard on the workers who will have to transfer to war jobs. But is it less hard for the man who is called up for military service?

People in the big cities didn't complain when they lost both home and job in the "blitz."

The Russians have moved whole townships a thousand miles to keep their war effort going—and there haven't been any protest meetings.

Rich Dolls

Girls in a Middlesex council school are asked to take their dolls to school every Friday—"to introduce them to each other," and to build lives round them.

An excellent scheme—if it weren't for the fact that the cheapest, shoddiest dolls that working mothers can find in the district cost about two pounds!

Slight Increase

Similarly, a Cornish mother bought a plywood piece of doll's furniture for her little girl.

She paid 17s. 6d. Her husband examined the label closely and saw that the original price was 4s. 6d.

In short, this year's toy racket has become a major scandal. And the Board of Trade's efforts to check it have proved farcical.

Paper Shoes

As for the Board's Utility products, we still think it a pity that their quality is deteriorating

So do our readers. One paid 16s. 11d. for a pair of child's Utility shoes. Five days later part of the heel of one shoe dropped off and she sent it straight to us

It is made of thin sheets of cardboard.

Second Thoughts

Now the Board has suddenly decided that wholesalers must not supply New Year calendars except as cash transactions. Apparently this order is an afterthought designed to restrict the use of paper.

But why leave it until the Christmas trade is at its height?

It's a Puzzle

Here's another poser:

Why, if we are so short of steel for guns that we have to confiscate the railings of small houses, are we exporting hundreds of tons of steel to Eire?

Sure of Victory

However, we may not need guns much longer. For, says Lady Louis Mountbatten, "Victory will be much sooner than expected. My husband will see to that."

Of course, a few other men are on our side.

Safe Bet

One who would have liked to fight for us was a Somerset policeman. But he failed to pass his "medical." Thereupon some self-righteous idiots stuck up a notice which accused him of joining the police to dodge the Army.

The policeman committed suicide.

The patriots who drew up that notice, we wager, aren't doing much for the war effort.

Busy H.G.s

Some are doing too much. We know of arms workers on twelve-hour shifts who none the less are conscripted for the Home Guard.

There was the case the other day of two men on essential work whose employers flatly refused to release them for Home Guard parades. With the result that the two men were fined.

We take no sides on this issue. But we do insist that the pros and cons must be weighed by the Government.

Decision, Please

If the Home Guard needs more recruits from the arms factories, then war production must be impeded to some extent.

Which is the more urgent need of the nation: more Home Guards or more guns?

Only the Government can decide. It should issue its decision without delay.

Called-up

It has certainly decided, and wisely, that men of forty or so will not be conscripted for military service until such a step becomes absolutely imperative.

But a Coalville man of forty-one has been called-up. And his departure will be a bad blow for the town.

No Substitute

A St. John ambulance driver, he has maintained a twenty-four-hour service. Last year he removed 1,355 cases and covered 25,552 miles.

He handled not only accident and illness cases, but lunatics and suicides—work that women could not do.

With his departure the ambulance service must be suspended.

Chance for Youth

On the other hand, lowering of the age-limit for the Forces has eaten deeply into the cadet movements, notably the A.T.C.

Isn't there room for a new recruiting campaign here? These youth movements, which turn boys from the poorest homes into excellent officer material, can do much to democratise the Services.

Still Climbing

The Civil Service paper chase continues merrily.

One of the brightest of its recent publications is an "Order in Council amending Regulations 26A, 27B, 29B, 31A, 49, 54B, 54C, 55, 60DA, 94A, and 100, revoking Regulation 7A and renumbering Regulation 42AA of, and adding new Regulations 3A, 42AA, 55D, 60MA and 79CA to, the Defence (General) Regulations, 1939."

The ambition of all official paper chasers, of course, is to work up to Regulation 1,000,000ZZ.

Bright Boy

How do official regulations operate? One answer can be given by Richard Jones, sixteen-year-old son of a Holyhead railway cleaner.

He's so bright that he has gained a State bursary worth £140 a year for four years at Bangor University.

Four Days

Yet he is costing his parents £2 a week to send to the 'varsity.

You see, the State scholarship is payable only to a boy who passes his examination at the age of sixteen. And young Dick passed four days before his sixteenth birthday.

Therefore he gets nothing. And thus do regulations dampen brilliance and discourage brains.

Mr. Mullins' Defence

And what about Mr. Mullins?

After abusing housekeepers, he abuses the Press for reporting what he said instead of what he had meant to say.

The least that can be said about his outburst is this: A hot and hasty tongue ill accords with the judicial mind.

Court of Morals!

Moreover, an unpleasant question is prompted by Mr. Mullins' disparaging tongue.

Does Mr. Mullins consider himself entitled to act as a judge of morals?

The housekeeper before him was charged with theft. Even magistrates have not the right to pass judgment on matters with which they are not concerned.

Acting Unpaid

Of concern to thousands of Servicemen is Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood's strictures on the promotion of Army officers to "acting" and "temporary" ranks.

The present system is notoriously unfair, also, to N.C.O.s. It can be illustrated by a single instance.

A skilled tradesman in the R.A.F. was given the rank of acting corporal (unpaid) last February. He is in charge of a Hurricane and its catapult on board a ship, and for the welfare and discipline of some of the crew.

Lost Stripes

Now he has lost his stripes—but not his responsibilities. It has been discovered that his unit has too many corporals, that's all.

Though assured that his work has been satisfactory, he naturally feels resentment.

Surely all three Services can devise a fairer system?

Belated Negative

Wardens in a Scottish industrial town are similarly discouraged. Knowing what happened at Clydebank in the air raids, they suggested that rescue equipment should be bought from a local war fund totalling some £1,000.

Five months later, the council answered "No."

● **Young Service men and women are flocking to get married. In a Rickmansworth church the other Sunday half a dozen banns were called—and in each case the name of a Service camp was read out.**

Parish magazines, too, have often revealed the addresses of Service establishments.

Enemy agents are vigilant in following up such innocent disclosures. Our parsons should be no less vigilant in keeping them guessing.

Behind the News

● **General Ruedel, Hitler's A.R.P. chief, has been sacked because of his organisation's failure in the R.A.F. raids.**

● *Even Goering himself has spent a week in Italy to counter rumours that Germany is on the verge of defeat, and to urge more Italian support for the war.*

● Concentration camp sentences are threatened against anyone in Axis countries mentioning or drawing a turtle, the V-army sign to go slow.

● **To prevent two-way truth being spread, Nazis have banned all home leave to alien workers.**

● *Luftwaffe and Italian squadrons are given special privileges and bonus if they return safely after meeting Allied fighters in Africa.*

● Laval is under orders to keep French Somaliland under Vichy control, and thus save only "leg" for long-distance 'planes from Germany to Japan.

● **In numbers and efficiency, experts agree, Soviet guns surpass all others, and production grows greater.**

● *To hearten soldiers wounded on the Eastern Front, Nazis have invited them to register claims for free land in Russia or in any occupied territory for settlement after the war!*

● King Michael of Rumania, just twenty-one, is being held on his estate as a hostage for Rumanian monarchists' good behaviour.

● **"Black Legion," Belgian underground organisation, is increasing so greatly that German garrisons are being reinforced.**

● *Nazi agents are pouring into Tangier to watch Allied moves after Rommel and Nehring have been driven out.*

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

UNITED WE MUST STAND!

IN recent months the United Nations have reached closer agreement on military strategy than ever before—and have done better in the field.

But they have *not* hammered out a united strategy of politics, diplomacy and propaganda.

They have the same main objective in war—the destruction of Fascism—and they profess the same general purpose in peace—the implementation of the Atlantic Charter.

We assume, therefore, that they are working to the same ends, but it is clear that they are not yet agreed upon the means by which to achieve them.

Hence the *affaire Darlan*, which has just engaged our House of Commons in Secret Session and which is being followed with anxiety in Russia, the United States, and throughout the anti-Fascist world.

JOHN BULL will not discuss the military expediency or otherwise of the arrangement made with Admiral Darlan by the American Commander-in-Chief in Africa.

We merely point out that it was made, as it were, on the field of battle; that we do not appear to have been consulted at the time; and, above all, that Russia could have had no knowledge of the transaction at all.

We are not even concerned with the personalities involved—except inasmuch as these may have affected subsequent events. In this respect it is certainly unfortunate that General Eisenhower has to divert his mind from his task of driving out the Germans.

WHAT confronts us now is the paradox of an enormous accretion of territory and peoples to the Allied cause, governed by a Fascist set-up—practically a dictatorship.

President Roosevelt certainly lost no time in announcing that the United States regarded the Darlan-Eisenhower deal as nothing but a temporary expedient.

Since then, however, Darlan himself has lost no time in attempting to consolidate his position.

His "unilateral" assumption of "the leadership of the French colonial empire," with its implied claim to the leadership of the French people, is a fact of notable consequence to our entire war effort.

It is a claim with little justification in fact and none in law, but it has already enabled the Darlan administration, such as it is, to control broadcasts from North African stations.

This extraordinary situation stresses the urgent need for a united political strategy.

We say that no arrangement of the kind entered into with Admiral Darlan ought to be *possible* except with the full agreement of the Allied Nations.

Representatives of the Governments concerned should be posted to every high command.

They should have facilities for immediate consultation with their Governments, and, more important still, there should be an inter-Allied political and diplomatic headquarters staff in constant session.

Admittedly, decisions in the field must be taken promptly, but, even in the most urgent cases, all the Allies ought to be apprised of them.

Without close liaison of this kind we are bound to run the risk of causing irritation, if not suspicion, among our friends.

It is obvious, for example, that the Soviet Government would have been less disconcerted by the Darlan "expedient" had General Eisenhower been able to explain his reasons for it to a senior Russian officer attached to his own headquarters.

Mr. Churchill and Field-Marshal Smuts have emphasised in recent speeches the need for complete unity among the United Nations.

They have pointed out that, as the prospect of our victory increases, so will our enemies increase their efforts to spread dissension among us.

The best way to defeat this foreseeable manœuvre would be to set up the political and diplomatic G.H.Q. suggested, *and*—as JOHN BULL has so constantly urged—to proclaim our war and peace aims in plainer terms and greater detail.

Naturally, the members of the British Commonwealth would have to be represented, as well as our foreign Allies, on such a G.H.Q.

We mention this here because the Premier admitted only the other day that the War Cabinet had had *no time* to consult the Dominion Governments in advance of its decision to take countermeasures against the German shackling of our prisoners.

He added that these Governments had accepted this decision—which JOHN BULL never thought a wise one—in their customary and friendly spirit of loyal help.

We remain convinced that our cause would gain enormously by setting up the necessary machinery for consultation *before*, instead of after, the event.

Let us never forget that we are fighting Fascism, no matter where it exists. Compromise with this evil can only spell disaster.

In no circumstances can we afford to sell our friends to *their* old enemies. It would, for instance, be monstrous to permit the war to end with a Fascist or semi-Fascist Government with power to speak and act—for France.

And we shall not permit anything of the sort. Mr. Cordell Hull, United States Secretary of State, took it upon himself the other day to tell representatives of General de Gaulle that *his* country will not allow Darlan to impose upon the French people any post-war régime not of their own choice.

The assurance was doubtless timely, but how much more effective it would have been had it been issued by *all* the Allies in a joint statement from their diplomatic headquarters!

It is of paramount importance that the United Nations should be able to speak with a united voice on all such matters.

The peoples of every occupied country need a positive promise that they will be given the opportunity to elect their future governments by free vote.

We cannot force *any sort* of government upon these peoples, and would not do so if we could. What we can do, and what we must do, is to make sure that they can vote without fear.

Subject only to the extirpation of Fascism itself, the Allies mean to accord nations the same kind of freedom as they intend to secure to their own individual citizens.

But there will have to be a limit to freedom itself: it can never be allowed, either nationally or individually, to be exercised to the detriment of other free peoples or free citizens.

Did we not leave Nazi-Germany "free" to pillage and martyr the Jews and to bully and bludgeon her liberal-minded minorities into obedience, exile or the concentration camp?

That *was* and *is* Fascism. That is the vile tyranny we were forced to fight at last, and which must be stamped out completely.

AND that is why the Allies dare not allow any near-Fascist authority to consolidate itself with their connivance or consent.

Already the "temporary expedient," which has allowed Darlan to assume leadership of the French African Empire, has done our cause much harm in the minds of neutrals and peoples in enemy-occupied countries.

It has shocked and embarrassed our loyal friends the Fighting French, and it has added to the grievous anxiety and bewilderment of all anti-Fascists under the Axis yoke.

There is an unknown but immense number of these secret friends. At present they can only help us through underground movements in occupied Europe and even in enemy countries.

But the day will come when they can rally openly to our cause, and, in the meanwhile, it is our bounden duty to maintain that cause undimmed in aim and untarnished in achievement.

THE ALLIES CANNOT HOPE TO COMMAND WORLD CONFIDENCE WITHOUT DECLARING JOINTLY FOR A WORLD PROGRAMME TO BE IMPLEMENTED BY THEM ALL.

Unlock the Empty Houses

HUNDREDS of thousands of families cry out for houses.

Scores of local authorities plead: "At least let's provide them for people who need them desperately on health grounds."

But the Ministry of Health answers: "Sorry. No materials. No labour. Therefore, no houses."

We dispute that "therefore."

* * *

Homes can be found *now* for the most urgent priority cases without any building programme.

We'll tell the Health Minister here and now where they are to be found.

And—warning him that the shortage has become the worst in history—we urge on him the necessity of finding sufficient materials and labour for a limited emergency house-building scheme *now*.

"When the boys come home" will be too late.

To begin with, tens of thousands of unfinished houses, which could be completed at very little cost in labour and materials, lie untenanted up and down the country.

Glasgow has 1,767—1,300 of them actually roofed. Some need no more than a coat of paint to be made available for habitation.

They should be rushed to completion at once on behalf of those urgent priority cases.

Then you will find in pretty well every town of any size houses of the right size, and in good condition, which remain unaccountably empty despite a soaring local demand.

They are being held—if you please—"in reserve." In reserve for what?

"Oh, a local authority must have a quota of empty houses in case of invasion, resumed big-scale bombing, or any other eventualities that might shift population on a big scale," says Officialdom.

In other words, they are held in reserve against an urgent demand that might never arise.

* * *

And all the time an urgent demand of another kind—and just as urgent—is here already.

Open their doors to needy people *now*. Trust the people of Britain to see that nobody will go homeless should any of those doubtful eventualities arise.

And what of the thousands of big houses that remain empty because they are *too big*?

It would be easy to convert most of them into temporary flats. Let local authorities get on with the job now.

* * *

Then there's that question of war time building.

We know it would cost £750 today to build a £400 pre-war house. But Purchase Tax on a variety of fittings bumps up the cost, and surely that could be waived!

We don't counsel the building of shacks that would be destined to become slums within ten years.

But we like the idea of strong, solid, healthy two-rooms-and-a-kitchen cottages which you could turn over to Old Age Pensioners when the war is over, and which, in the meantime, are far better than "rooms."

Old people beyond heavy housework want such cottages—and will be well able to afford them out of the increased Old Age Pensions which they are going to get.

"No materials, no labour," is an excuse. The real trouble is no imagination!

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Having set the farmers a stiff task, you face a similarly heavy job yourself.

I welcome your call for the ploughing up of a million more acres of grassland, though this will not mean a million more acres of food for human consumption.

Milk and meat must be produced and animals fed. Thus, the new million acres will mainly replace the pasture that has already been ploughed up.

And this is where your work must begin.

The milk producer should be given a fair price. Stand up to the Minister of Food, insist on the scheme to rationalise distribution being forced through!

The saving that would result should be shared between producer and consumer.

Next, make the dairy veterinary scheme compulsory, and thus improve the dairy herds. The health of our people, no less than the strain on our shipping, must be considered.

Then there is the man-power problem. No more key men should be called up from the land.

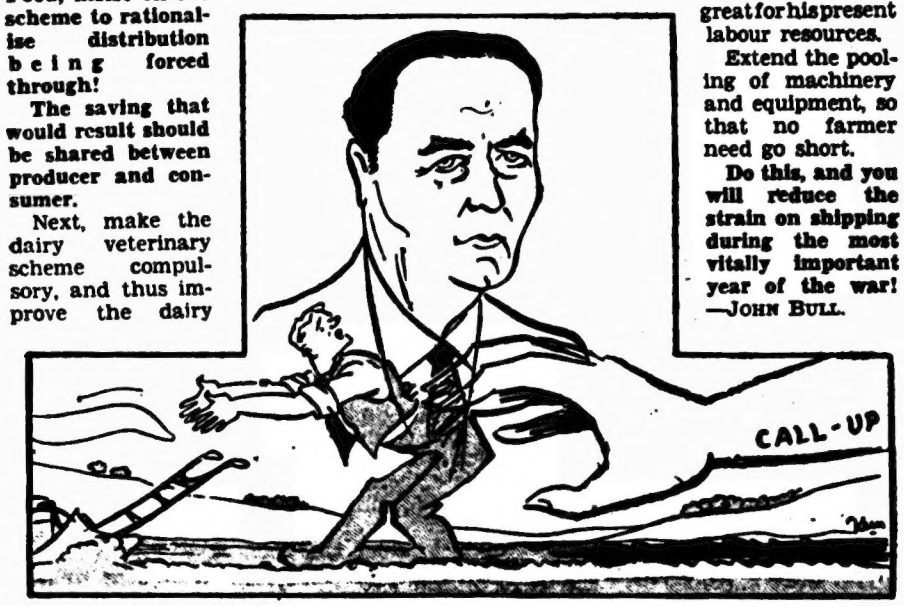
Moreover, large numbers of additional land girls should be recruited now for the Spring farming offensive.

They will be needed to replace the men already removed from the farms, as well as to supply the extra labour required to cultivate those million acres which you demand.

Provide mobile squads of experienced men and women to aid any farmer who finds the task too great for his present labour resources.

Extend the pooling of machinery and equipment, so that no farmer need go short.

Do this, and you will reduce the strain on shipping during the most vitally important year of the war!
—JOHN BULL.



Dr. ANDREW DAVIDSON, Chief Medical Officer for Scotland

DEAR DOCTOR,—What Scotland is doing to-day, England should do to-morrow.

It is excellent news that your "Clyde Basin" health experiment, one of the unremarked successes of the war, is to be extended to all industrial areas in Scotland.

Which means that Scots workers will be given the benefits of free specialist advice and treatment.

Not surprisingly, most of the patients in the Clyde scheme have been women.

And generally the case concerns "the young debilitated worker with vague complaints of undue fatigue, vague aches and pains, and loss of appetite."

The causes, you have found, are long working hours, uncongenial jobs, and excessive travelling.

At first sight the complaints may not sound very serious. But it is from this type of patient that tuberculosis obtains so many of its victims.

Even if the panel doctor is not too over-worked to give such cases the necessary care, specialist advice is invaluable.

Therefore, glad though I am that your scheme is being enlarged to the length and breadth of Scotland, I should be better pleased if our Ministry of Health adopted it for England and Wales.—JOHN BULL.

Capt. CHARLES WATERHOUSE, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Next year, nearly two million more people must be moved to war jobs. And "next year" is almost upon us.

You will have to help find those extra two millions. By concentrating peace time industries. By economising in labour in those trades that must be kept going.

I can tell you something about the second factor.

In a Surrey village is a lane with twenty-two houses. Well, this lane is still served by six different coal merchants, four butchers' vans, four bakers, two corn merchants, and two milkmen.

Then there is a Hertfordshire hamlet served by quite as many tradesmen. One grocer's van comes from twelve miles away; another from seven miles away—and so on.

These are not exceptional cases. They are typical of conditions to be found in every part of the country.

Restrictions on deliveries in the great towns, therefore, are simply not enough. Man-power and petrol are still being misused on a tremendous scale.

How to reduce this unpardonable prodigality is not an insuperable problem. But it should provide you with a really worth-while Christmas puzzle.

And by the New Year, I hope, you will be ready to apply the solution.—JOHN BULL.

The LISTENERS in H.M. Forces

DEAR PEOPLE,—I offer my sympathy. It cannot be pleasant to be regarded as a lot of giggling ninnies.

Judging by the inanities and imbecilities, the drivel and dullness, with which the B.B.C. clogs the programmes addressed to you, it is apparently considered that you are incapable of appreciating good entertainment.

I have been listening a lot to the Forces station lately, and I wish I hadn't.

There was one programme in a series written expressly for you. I cannot imagine a worse slander.

It had a good singer, certainly. He was allowed to sing just one ballad—an early Victorian relic that should never have been raised from the grave in which it had reposed for so long.

It contained a sketch so puerile, so unfunny, that the lowest depth of bathos was touched. And there was crooning of so sickly a variety that I wanted to eat a raw lemon.

Next week I listened again. The mixture was as before. I have listened to many other programmes. Few would have been tolerated in a third-rate music-hall.

I am told they are to be improved, and more American broadcasts are to be arranged. Perhaps our home programme planners will learn something from American technique. But I fear that is asking too much.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—You will have a tough fight, but I back you to win.

Certainly every housewife in the country will wish you well against the trade gangsters who are trying to sabotage your efforts to secure fair distribution of food.

Some of the wreckers are in the fish trade.

Directly you introduced the zoning scheme, before it had been given a chance to work, they condemned it and sought to destroy it.

I was the first to warn the public of the motive behind their manœuvres. Let me give warning, now, that you will probably have to face still fiercer opposition and perhaps still more unscrupulous methods when you attempt to reorganise the vegetable trade.

"There are schemes hatching in my Department," you hint, "which are just full of dangers and difficulty. We are going ahead with these schemes."

That is the spirit I admire. It is a guarantee that hotels and restaurants and a privileged few will not receive ample supplies while the housewife goes short.

It should win you all the power you need to overcome those public enemies who, as you say, vow to "smash the Government scheme because it interferes with their trade interests."

Thanks to you, the public will not be short of food this Christmas. And the public will not forget.—JOHN BULL.

Did You Say Shopping?

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

I'VE just been shopping. A salutary experience this in war time, and one which all men should undergo.

I don't mean a casual bit of shopping, one of those haphazard, vague affairs without aim or purpose. You know that sort of shopping. It comes from an itch to spend, just a desire to buy something, anything.

No, I mean an orderly, planned expedition with a list of "things to be got."

It all arose when we were discussing Christmas presents. Because the small town where we live has little to offer in its shop windows, and because I travel up to London each day, I was commissioned—ordered might be a better word—to deliver the goods.

My three-year-old daughter, whose birthday falls a fortnight before Christmas, had a twin set of demands. Especially did she desire a china doll that goes to sleep, a pastry board and rolling pin—ominous this, I thought—and a toy telephone set. (She's crazy about the 'phone and constantly lifts the instrument to say "hello" to the operator—a habit which, I fear, will bring me trouble some day.)

So valiantly I set out prepared to sacrifice my luncheon break in the good cause. Not much of a sacrifice, I thought—about half an hour going to and from Barkers or Whiteleys or Harrods or Pontings or Selfridges or Gamages.

About half-an-hour! How ignorant we men really are! I knew some things were scarce; I knew I might have to look around. But....

The "doll that goes to sleep" became a nightmare. Each successive shop assistant who smiled pityingly on my ignorance as I asked for such a doll, increased my fury until I reached the pitch where, had I bought the doll, I might have ground it to powder.

(Mother solved that problem by buying the doll at a town miles away from London.)

I *did* manage to get a toy pastry-making set—it was the last in the store, and I snapped it up like a hungry fish swallowing juicy bait.

Daughter will get no telephone set. Such toys simply cannot be bought. (And here, in passing, may I remark, that the woman with a note-stuffed purse is in some ways as badly off as the poorest shopper.)

When I am asked at Christmas to explain why there is no telephone set I shall just have to say that I couldn't get one, thereby imperilling grievously that legend of Daddy being an unfailing provider.

But if my daughter were old enough to be told the truth I should say:

"Listen, you minx, I've been all over London, day after day, trying to get what you wanted. I have asked people galore if they have seen such a thing. I have tramped around stores, been jostled and pushed and harried and laughed at. I've gone without meals, walked through rain and fog, and been generally messed about.

"Shopping to-day is just one disappointment after another. It gives no promise of reward. It is the common round, the wearisome round.

"It provokes a sense of frustration and makes people snappy and short-tempered."

Footnote: Since beginning to write this article, I have received a demand for a small china rabbit with large ears. Sez she!

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD:—I **By FRANK STUART**

★ True tales of adventure and naked courage, withheld from publication for security reasons when they occurred, but now described by a novelist whose stories of the heroism of the unknown ordinary people of this war have thrilled Britain and America

Little yellow storm-troopers poured in from all directions . . . and presently the city was captured

The Tough Saint of Hongkong

I'VE just met a man who escaped from Hongkong in the confusion of the Japanese storming of the island.

His tale takes away the breath. It is a story of disguise, of friendly Chinese labourers who risked their lives and faced torture to rob the little Jap soldiers of one more victim. It is the record of an almost incredible journey round half the world.

But it was not of himself that he wished to talk.

"If you want to write one of your tales of a man who had courage off the ice," he said, "tell people about Dr. Clarke and his wife."

Hardboiled, but . . .

Selwyn Clarke was Medical Officer of Health in Hongkong. An efficient doctor, the kind that no malingerer ever got past—"hardboiled as an egg cooked in hell, mind you, but if ever I want to picture a saint in future I shall just think of Clarke."

That was what my informant said of him.

From Kowloon, and from a dozen other points both on the island and the mainland, the Japanese artillery thundered incessantly; from the Praya, little yellow storm-troops poured upwards, preceded by withering fire; overhead, Mitsubishi bombers roared unopposed and dropped load after load of bombs.

It was hell with the lid off; groans of wounded, cries of women, grunts of sweat-caked and parched soldiers whose water supply was destroyed, blasting roars of shells, whining scream of bombs, distant battle-cries, reek of cordite, whirl of flying dust, crack of rifles.

Through the smoke and the dust and the flying débris, stepping over twisted figures, stooping quietly here, kneeling for a while there, went two figures.

They were Dr. Clarke and his wife, steady as if attending a levee, impeccable in white, binding wounds, directing the removal of damaged men, lifting the dead off wounded they were crushing.

The Japs came up the hill, firing with tommy-guns and rifles and light machine-guns; but the bullets seemed to pass round those two figures in white, as they were said to pass round the Angels of Mons.

"Get Out of This!"

The charge passed by them and went on. . . .

Presently the British flag came down, and Hongkong was captured.

A little Jap officer in greeny uniform, torn by a bayonet thrust in the arm and soaked with blood, ran up to where the tall doctor and his wife were still working.

"You civilians!" he barked. "Get out of this! Go down the hill—my men will take you to the internment buildings. Now—go!"

Clarke stared down at him. He was a hardboiled saint, and the triumphant yellow man quailed and went back a pace, though he was armed and the doctor was not.

"My place is with these wounded—yours as well as ours. Stand still! Let me look at that arm of yours. Yes—I thought so. If you don't want to lose it, you'd better let me clean it."

The Jap stood while Clarke sliced away the tunic and bared the ripped flesh. He stood, gritting his teeth, while the doctor sterilised the wound, and bandaged it. Then he quietly went away.

The work on the battlefield went on.

That evening, Dr. and Mrs. Clarke, weary to death with their work of cheating death, arrived at the sector where the hundreds of white civilians were interned.

The place was in chaos. Things had been done in Hongkong that day which will never be forgotten.

Terrified women and wounded men and whimpering children were huddled and herded together, foodless, waterless, without privacy, without anywhere to rest.

Some were very ill. Remember, during the last days of the siege there was almost no water in Hongkong, and no chance at all of proper treatment for wounds and infection.

A New Task

Almost dropping with fatigue, the Clarkes began a new task. They divided off the women's quarters, arranged latrines, got what clothes could be spared as pillows.

They organised first-aid units, stretcher-bearers, nurses.

Then Dr. Clarke went out into the town of Victoria, where the hideous aftermath of Oriental triumph ran revel beside blazing buildings, in the gutted smoking-rooms of the white people's clubs, and up and down the echoing, lurid streets of the Chinese native city.

In that moment of abandon any drunken soldier reeling through those hellish streets and seeing a white man would probably have been conscious of only one wish—to kill or torture him.

No one knows what dangers Clarke ran in his journey to the Japanese army headquarters on the island that night. Perhaps he had to defend his life with his bare hands.

But he arrived presently, still incredibly spruce in his white clothes. The sentry at the door of the big hotel the Jap staff were using stared at this white man—and stared again.

He could not believe what he saw. He lifted his bayonet.

"I have come to see the Commanding Officer. I am a doctor," Clarke said stiffly.

Slowly the bayonet lowered. The sentry called inside. There was a delay. A Jap subaltern came out. Clarke was shown inside, after some argument, terminated by a fierce word from under the stiff moustache.

The spectacled Japanese Commander stared offensively up.

"I am the doctor in charge of the civilians' internment," Clarke said abruptly. "I have come to ask you for food and water for my patients and the people there. I shall need it at once. There are sick people there. They require these things."

The Jap's under lip protruded.

"You are not—in control—now," he said, in sneering, sing-song English. "Anything else you—require?"

Code of Chivalry

"Yes! Mattresses, Quinine. What medicines you can spare."

"You think I shall send them?" the Jap asked wonderingly. He began to smile, and it was not a pleasant smile.

"Yes, you will send them! You are a Japanese officer You understand *Bushido*—your code of chivalry. I do not think you wish to blacken your name with your own people. I shall expect them to-night."

And Clarke turned on his heel and walked out and back to the internment.

The food, water, mattresses and medicines arrived an hour later!

All that night Clarke and his wife worked, though they could scarcely stand; and not until all the sick and wounded had been fed, tended and made comfortable, and the place was orderly and sweet and hopeful again, did they eat and drink themselves.

They had had no proper food for over forty hours.

They had saved the place from becoming, perhaps, a second Black Hole of Calcutta, or worse.

From Chaos to Order

"Those left behind in Hongkong," my informant told me, "will never throughout their lives forget the way that man changed things.

"He transformed the internment sector from chaos into an orderly settlement, clean and fresh, with all the hurt people tended, and all the others resting and fed.

"I should say his walk through the streets, during the sack of the place, to find and tackle the Jap Commandant, was one of the bravest things any man ever did."

Yes—Selwyn Clarke, hardboiled saint, we take off our hats to you!

Next Week: "He Roped Himself to a Live Mine."

Dummy Berlin is Marvel of Deception

NEAR Berlin there is a very large countryside area which would give you an "Alice-in-Wonderland" shock—if you could see it.

But the chances would be ten to one against you finding it, for most people who go that way are turned back by none too polite guards.

If you did get inside, one of the things you might see is an open field covered by a network of wires. And if you got close enough to examine them, you would see that the wires stretch out like tentacles from a central dugout, connecting up with small buildings scattered about the surrounding fields.

A curious thing about these buildings is that they have no roofs or window-panes, and their floors are piled high with wood shavings.

If you lived to come back again another day and explore more of this fascinating countryside you would discover mile upon mile of false streets, factories and railways.

The streets are lined by rows and rows of large crates, in each of which is an electric light, mostly concealed, but some of them permitting a little light to emerge.

★ ★ ★

Around the whole of this strange conglomeration of objects are posted a series of A.A gun sites.

If you succeeded in seeing all this, you would have been looking at the dummy city of Berlin.

From the night sky, the apparently accidental lights from the crates, combined with the carefully planned streets and railways running through them, have the appearance of an imperfectly blacked-out Berlin.

The A.A. guns, putting up a strong defence, add to the reality of the deception.

If and when bombs are dropped, the man in the dugout presses a switch and his radiating wires ignite the shavings on the floors of the "buildings" scattered in adjoining fields, giving a very good impression of houses on fire.

So much for Berlin.

There are other similar "cities" in Europe, including a dummy Cologne, situated at the bend of a river almost exactly like the bend of the Rhine at Cologne itself.

★ ★ ★

The real Berlin—as seen from the air—has been transformed, too.

Roofs have blossomed with foliage, the outlines of ponds have been altered by rafts covered with sod, and small lakes completely concealed by nets stretched from shore to shore.

The broad Unter-den-Linden, normally an unmistakable landmark, has been reduced to half its true width by means of scaffolding and netting.

And what of England?

We have not been idle, and the ingenuity of our camouflage experts and scientists compares more than favourably with that of the enemy.

When the censorship ban is finally lifted there will be some fascinating stories to tell of weird happenings in the quiet English countryside.

PATRICK SPENCER.

THE JIG-SAW TAKES SHAPE

And it makes a grand, inspiring picture of a target that is now in full view—just that and no more. The big shooting remains to be done and we must get in the heavy broadsides this winter

By A. G. GARDINER

IN war the advantages of the initiative are freedom of movement, choice of action, control of strategy. The avalanche of events in November has given us those advantages. We can now see them in operation.

While Hitler held the whip-hand our strategy seemed a thing of shreds and patches. He was always on the offensive. We were always on the run.

With the advantage of his mighty war machine, his interior lines and his despotic control he hurled his bolts at will—west, south, or east.

We were left guessing where he would strike next—the Suez, the Middle East, North Africa, Gibraltar, the invasion of our shores.

We had to dance to his tune and scatter our resources to meet every possible emergency.

THE MIRACULOUS NOVEMBER HAS CHANGED ALL THAT. IT IS HE, NOW, WHO IS LEFT WONDERING, WHAT NEXT? WHERE NEXT?

The threat to the Suez has vanished with the defeat of Rommel. The heroism of Stalingrad has wrecked Hitler's vast plans for the conquest of the Caucasus, the Middle East, and Moscow. The descent of the Armada on North Africa has forestalled all his African schemes.

The dictation of the war is snatched from him. It is he who is now on the run, dispersing his resources, meeting new emergencies, not knowing from what quarter the next stroke will come.

★ ★ ★

And while his strategy is in collapse, that of the United Nations has taken shape with a sudden and impressive power that has struck the imagination of the world.

Hitler is no longer fighting on one front only. He is fighting on all fronts.

He is enveloped by a strategy each part of which fits into the whole like bits of a jig-saw puzzle, and all the parts of which have come together with a perfection of timing that puts it outside the scope of accident.

Consider the sequence of this mighty stream of events. Just at the moment when Hitler's hordes reached the point of exhaustion before Stalingrad and the foothills of the Caucasus, two things happened.

Montgomery struck in Africa and Timoshenko unleashed his counter-stroke in Russia. Then out of the Atlantic came the Armada. On the top of that the avalanche of destruction from the air that fell on the Italian cities.

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The collective effect of all this upon the war has been immediate and catastrophic.

IT HAS TRANSFERRED THE CENTRE OF THE CONFLICT TO THE MEDITERRANEAN. IT HAS PROVIDED RELIEF TO RUSSIA AT THE MOST CRITICAL MOMENT.

Even in his desperate necessity on the Eastern Front, Hitler could not leave the whole Mediterranean theatre to go without a struggle.

When France fell Hitler danced to his own tune; now he must dance to ours!

This would have meant much more than the failure of his Suez and Middle East hopes. They had gone. It would have meant the loss of his whole position south of the Alps to the Mediterranean and Africa.

It would have meant the end of the Axis and a tide of consequences, moral and material, that could have only one issue.

Hence the mad rush to hold the narrows of the Mediterranean at all costs. He has scoured the whole of Europe and his Eastern Front for men and guns and 'planes to meet the emergency.

For the first time since the war began he has had to dance to our tune. And whatever the outcome of the battle for Tunisia, its effect upon the Russian position must be immense and may be decisive.

FOR NOW THAT HITLER IS SUCKED INTO THE MEDITERRANEAN STRUGGLE ON THE GRAND SCALE, HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO ESCAPE. ITS DEMANDS WILL INCREASE.

And as they increase his peril in Russia will increase also. For by his plunge to the Volga and the Caucasus he has very nearly doubled the vast battle front that he has to man, equip and supply a thousand miles from his main bases. And Russia is unbroken and unbreakable. And the Russian winter is upon him.

What will be his capacity to take up that struggle again next Spring when the Allied strategy has developed and the war for the Mediterranean and Africa has reached its peak?

Does he not see the grave that he has dug for himself in Russia yawning for him wider as the days go by?

Nor in the strategy that has got him by the throat must we forget the eclipse of all Hitler's hopes of relief from the third member of the Axis. Mussolini is a broken reed tottering to his fall. And Tojo has far too much on his hands to worry about Hitler.

He is probably cursing him for having plunged him into the attack on America just at the moment when Hitler knew that the attack on Moscow had failed last December.

That is a trick which Tojo will not forget. Even among thieves there is supposed to be a standard of honour.

DOWN IN THE SOLOMONS AND NEW GUINEA TOJO IS GETTING THE FIRST INSTALMENT OF THE PUNISHMENT FOR HIS TREACHERY. AND HE KNOWS NOW THAT THE ACCOUNT WILL BE PAID IN FULL.

The dream of an Axis family party in the Middle East has faded, and, with the turn of events in the West, Tojo is in no mood to gamble any more on Hitler.

He has kept his hands off Russia so far, and his experiences in the Coral Sea, off Midway Island and off the Solomons will not encourage him to add Stalin to his declared enemies.

This is another service which the offensive strategy of the Allies has done to Russia.

It would be a great advantage in our war with Japan to have Russia in the field with us.

But it is far more important that in our war with Germany, Russia should have no anxieties in her rear.

And the best way of securing this is by giving Japan so much to worry about in the Pacific that she will hesitate to "Pearl Harbour" Russia in order to oblige Hitler.

This is no inconsiderable feature of our strategy, and the success with which the United States is shouldering it places all of us, and especially Russia, deeply in her debt.

★ ★ ★

IN SHORT, THE WHOLE STRATEGIC SCHEME WHICH HAS GIVEN US THE INITIATIVE IS ONE WHICH, AS I HAVE SAID, HAS STRUCK THE IMAGINATION OF THE WORLD.

And that is no small military asset. For nothing succeeds like success, and the world likes to be on the winning side.

Few things have helped Hitler more in the past than the conviction he was able (largely through his propaganda) to instil into the mind of the world that he was invincible.

That legend is now thoroughly blown on. It is replaced by the conviction that, having lost his whirlwind war, he is inexorably doomed to defeat.

Evidence of that you may see in all the neutral countries—Spain, Sweden, Turkey. You may see it also in such actions as those of Darlan, who is a good judge of a sinking ship.

It is writ large over the fulminations of the dictators and the new whimpering note of the ineffable Goebbels.

WE HAVE, IN LORD HALIFAX'S WORDS, "PUT A RING OF STEEL ROUND THE AXIS." HOW LONG HITLER CAN HOLD OUT IN HIS PRISON DEPENDS ON THE INTENSITY WITH WHICH WE PRESS HOME OUR ADVANTAGE DURING THESE WINTER MONTHS.

Why Hitler Still Sticks to Laval

HITLER'S first reaction after Algiers, and more so Toulon, was to get rid of Pétain, Laval and Co.

His Paris wireless and Press bluntly accused all the men of Vichy of having double-crossed Germany.

For a few days it looked as if Laval's time was over and that Doriot was to "govern" France from Paris with a gang of unqualified Nazi agents.

★ ★ ★

Yet, on second thoughts, the Germans have decided to stick to Laval and allow him to form a single Fascist Party.

The reason is Germany's military weakness in the West of Europe.

If Doriot and his gangsters were let loose on the French people Hitler would have to take charge of the whole country. The whole civil administration might collapse overnight; or, at least, rapidly decay through passive resistance.

Discredited and despised as Pétain and Laval may be by the overwhelming majority, they are still (more or less reluctantly) obeyed by the civil services.

But every Prefect, every public prosecutor and judge, every police chief, and even every ordinary policeman or prison warder who agreed to act under a Doriot "government" would be doomed when the war is over.

They all know it. There would be tens of thousands of resignations, and Doriot's handful of Fascist henchmen could never fill the gaps.

Himmler would have to send entire divisions of S.S. and Gestapo to maintain public order and public services. Even that would probably not be sufficient to prevent chaos in a country threatened by famine, anyway.

The Germans simply have not enough men for such a huge task.

Quite apart from their purely military needs, growing every week because of their losses in Russia and the flare-up in North Africa, they cannot afford to weaken their home front in Germany and Austria during this critical winter.

They must also expect, at any time now, an S.O.S. from Mussolini which might compel them to rush all available S.S. and Gestapo to Italy.

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This is, therefore, not the time for risky political experiments in France.

Letters from the formerly free zone of France, written nearly three weeks after the so-called total occupation of the country, reveal that France is completely occupied only in theory.

It is true that the Mediterranean coast is now occupied from the Alps to the Pyrenees, but large districts, including important cities, had hardly seen any German soldiers at all three weeks after the "total occupation."

Plain truth is that the German High Command hasn't enough troops for a proper occupation of all France.

A few divisions—mostly composed of very young or very old classes of questionable fighting value—which were sent across the former demarcation line, were just sufficient for manning vital strategic points or cities, chiefly along the Mediterranean.

★ ★ ★

This was also the real reason why Hitler showed such haste in disbanding the little army of 100,000 men which was left to Vichy France under the Armistice.

He was afraid of them in case of an Allied landing.

But it also explains why he dare not force a Doriot "government" on France, and why he still sticks to Pétain and Laval.

Much as he hates, and even distrusts them, after what happened in Algiers and Toulon, they may still help him to do a part of the job of keeping the French people down.

V. S.

TAKES SHAPE

Nor in the strategy that has got him by the throat must we forget the eclipse of all Hitler's hopes of relief from the third member of the Axis. Mussolini is a broken reed tottering to his fall. And Tojo has far too much on his hands to worry about Hitler.

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The dream of an Axis family party in the Middle East has faded, and, with the turn of events in the West, Tojo is in no mood to gamble any more on Hitler.

He has kept his hands off Russia so far, and his experiences in the Coral Sea, off Midway Island and off the Solomons will not encourage him to add Stalin to his declared enemies.

This is another service which the offensive strategy of the Allies has done to Russia.

It would be a great advantage in our war with Japan to have Russia in the field with us.

But it is far more important that in our war with Germany, Russia should have no anxieties in her rear.

And the best way of securing this is by giving Japan so much to worry about in the Pacific that she will hesitate to "Pearl Harbour" Russia in order to oblige Hitler.

DECEMBER 19, 1942

This is no inconsiderable feature of our strategy, and the success with which the United States is shouldering it places all of us, and especially Russia, deeply in her debt.

★ ★ ★

IN SHORT, THE WHOLE STRATEGIC SCHEME WHICH HAS GIVEN US THE INITIATIVE IS ONE WHICH, AS I HAVE SAID, HAS STRUCK THE IMAGINATION OF THE WORLD.

And that is no small military asset. For nothing succeeds like success, and the world likes to be on the winning side.

Few things have helped Hitler more in the past than the conviction he was able (largely through his propaganda) to instil into the mind of the world that he was invincible.

That legend is now thoroughly blown on. It is replaced by the conviction that, having lost his whirlwind war, he is inexorably doomed to defeat.

Evidence of that you may see in all the neutral countries—Spain, Sweden, Turkey. You may see it also in such actions as those of Darlan, who is a good judge of a sinking ship.

It is writ large over the fulminations of the dictators and the new whimpering note of the ineffable Goebbels.

WE HAVE, IN LORD HALIFAX'S WORDS, "PUT A RING OF STEEL ROUND THE AXIS." HOW LONG HITLER CAN HOLD OUT IN HIS PRISON DEPENDS ON THE INTENSITY WITH WHICH WE PRESS HOME OUR ADVANTAGE DURING THESE WINTER MONTHS.

Why Hitler Still Sticks to Laval

HITLER'S first reaction after Algiers, and more so Toulon, was to get rid of Pétain, Laval and Co.

His Paris wireless and Press bluntly accused all the men of Vichy of having double-crossed Germany.

For a few days it looked as if Laval's time was over and that Doriot was to "govern" France from Paris with a gang of unqualified Nazi agents.

★ ★ ★

Yet, on second thoughts, the Germans have decided to stick to Laval and allow him to form a single Fascist Party.

The reason is Germany's military weakness in the West of Europe.

If Doriot and his gangsters were let loose on the French people Hitler would have to take charge of the whole country. The whole civil administration might collapse overnight; or, at least, rapidly decay through passive resistance.

Discredited and despised as Pétain and Laval may be by the overwhelming majority, they are still (more or less reluctantly) obeyed by the civil services.

But every Prefect, every public prosecutor and judge, every police chief, and even every ordinary policeman or prison warder who agreed to act under a Doriot "government" would be doomed when the war is over.

They all know it. There would be tens of thousands of resignations, and Doriot's handful of Fascist henchmen could never fill the gaps.

Himmler would have to send entire divisions of S.S. and Gestapo to maintain public order and public services. Even that would probably not be sufficient to prevent chaos in a country threatened by famine, anyway.

The Germans simply have not enough men for such a huge task.

Quite apart from their purely military needs, growing every week because of their losses in Russia and the flare-up in North Africa, they cannot afford to weaken their home front in Germany and Austria during this critical winter.

They must also expect, at any time now, an S.O.S. from Mussolini which might compel them to rush all available S.S. and Gestapo to Italy.

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This is, therefore, not the time for risky political experiments in France.

Letters from the formerly free zone of France, written nearly three weeks after the co-called total occupation of the country, reveal that France is completely occupied only in theory.

It is true that the Mediterranean coast is now occupied from the Alps to the Pyrenees, but large districts, including important cities, had hardly seen any German soldiers at all three weeks after the "total occupation."

Plain truth is that the German High Command hasn't enough troops for a proper occupation of all France.

A few divisions—mostly composed of very young or very old classes of questionable fighting value—which were sent across the former demarcation line, were just sufficient for manning vital strategic points or cities, chiefly along the Mediterranean.

★ ★ ★

This was also the real reason why Hitler showed such haste in disbanding the little army of 100,000 *men which was left to Vichy France under the Armistice.*

He was afraid of them in case of an Allied landing.

But it also explains why he dare not force a Doriot "government" on France, and why he still sticks to Pétain and Laval.

Much as he hates, and even distrusts them, after what happened in Algiers and Toulon, they may still help him to do a part of the job of keeping the French people down.

V. S.

5th Column Rats Are Trapped

★ Fifth Column rats, who slipped out of their holes to help German invasion, are being trapped, and the day of the whole miserable breed is nearly over. What has happened in Africa will strike icy fear into the hearts of those remaining in countries where Hitler's bullies still hold sway

Rieth, ace of German agents, is still at large in a vital area

CAMOUFLAGE as diplomats, business men and journalists didn't save them when the Anglo-American armada swooped on Africa.

You will have seen pictures of specimens of this nastiest of all Nazi products being taken away by American soldiers.

Internment in the United States seems almost too kind a fate for them. But the day will come when many of them will have to face trial for the cruelties they have helped to perpetrate.

Think what they and their kind have done in recent years!

They belonged to a vast organisation, divided into three groups, to share in the "war from within."

German military espionage worked hand-in-hand with the Gestapo, and both availed themselves of the 'Foreign Germans" organisation into which Germans abroad were recruited.

And these three bodies bribed or blackmailed local inhabitants into a treacherous collaboration.

I have seen them at work in Austria until Austrians could no longer trust their best friends.

Under Henlein they undermined the great structure of the Czechoslovakian Republic until the armed Nazi hordes could count on inside assistance when they marched into Prague.

In Poland foreign Germans, led by Gestapo agents and military spies, guided the Nazi troops to vital objectives, and in Holland they appeared just in time and just at the spots where German parachutists descended on strategic key-points.

Worried Agents

A vast machinery of treason had been built up all over the European Continent, and even in America and Africa and wherever the greedy Nazi fingers reached out for conquest.

It is all ending now!

In the remaining neutral countries Hitler's agents are worried lest they may share the fate of their colleagues in Africa.

In Turkey, once a principal playground of Axis agents, the German Ambassador, Von Papen, one of the chief Fifth Column experts, plays a lone game now.

Until a few months ago he could count on the assistance of Frau Jenke, Ribbentrop's own sister, who had been trained in all arts of treachery and espionage.

Frau Jenke, wife of a German junior diplomat, was in charge of the German Fifth Column in the last Balkan country outside Germany's claws. But she has now returned to Berlin, an utter failure, and forced to admit that the Turkish authorities are on the alert against her tricks.

For years she had tried hard to organise Nazi Fifth Columnism even beyond the borders of Turkey. The Middle East was her special domain.

But hundreds of her best agents have been caught by the Russians in Iraq, chased out of Iran and Afghanistan by the Allies.

Now even Grobba, the mysterious Nazi who calls himself a "German Lawrence of Arabia," is beaten. Reports say that he, who has spent millions of marks to thaw up the Middle East, has been arrested by the Germans.

Germans in Lisbon

He played a double game. So far have the Nazis developed the technique of treachery that they can no longer trust their own arch-traitors!

It is very nearly the same at the other end of the Mediterranean. True, Nazi agents under the command of the German Ambassador Von Stohrer still crowd the towns of Spain and can still be seen in Lisbon, Portugal's capital.

But since Suner, Franco's pro-Axis Foreign Minister, has been ousted from the Government they lack the information which they obtained through him—"straight from the horse's mouth."

They are no longer so cocksure of Spain, which they used as a training ground for Panzer divisions during the civil war and which they wanted to annex as quietly and quickly as they subdued their Italian allies.

In fact, the Nazi Fifth Column there is on the defensive, watching the ports—no longer only to spy on Allied shipping, but just in case they are forced to make a hurried exit!

And in the heart of Europe, in lovely peaceful Switzerland, all attempts to take this Axis-surrounded country from within have failed.

The bribes which Nazi agents offered to the Swiss Press were rejected. The threats of blustering Axis blackmailers laughed off. And Switzerland, its Press and its people, tell them every day where to get off.

Hot-Bed of Propaganda

You could almost have heard them whine and moan about their failure in the North of Europe, in Sweden.

Once they picked Stockholm as a centre for propaganda; they invested big amounts of money in neutral agencies which would swamp the world with Nazi lies from "a neutral Swedish source."

For a time it worked. But today the Nazis complain that Sweden is a hot-bed of Allied propaganda!

They rave because Swedish journalists prefer truthful information from Britain, Russia and the United States to the outpourings of Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry which Nazi agents offer in Stockholm.

Yes, the experts of insidious lies, of cunning propaganda, must now hawk their stuff under difficult conditions, and there are few on whom they can dump their treacherous wares.

Across the ocean in the Americas their game is up. Now even neutral Argentina, on which they counted for help, or at least indulgence, no longer allows the German Fifth Columnists much freedom of movement.

The Argentine authorities have them "taped." Every ship which tries to reach Italy from South America brings another batch of disappointed "experts," "technicians," "diplomats," "businessmen," who have been told that they are no longer wanted.

Failure in Espionage

Axis military and civilian espionage has failed all over the world.

Just as the Panzer armies scored their successes over unprepared countries only, and are now on the retreat as they meet the full force of the Allies, so must defeat be experienced by the Fifth Column rats.

Thousands of Germans in Britain have proved themselves staunch anti-Nazis. Those on whom the Germans may have placed any hopes are safely interned.

I can see only a tiny speck on the political horizon which was once clouded by swarms of Nazi agents.

The supreme expert, Rieth, is still at work too close to Gibraltar to make things comfortable for the United Nations.

From Tangier, technically neutral, Spanish-controlled international zone Rieth hopes to be able to watch allied moves in the Mediterranean, even after the remnants of the Afrika Korps and Nehring's Tunisian Nazi forces have been driven from the Dark Continent.

That is why a key-man like Rieth has been appointed to the post of German Special Ambassador in Tangier.

Among his collaborators may be quite a few Fascists in the ranks of the former French Foreign Legion.

They are in touch with him. They still carry arms. They must be watched and eliminated.

It should not prove difficult. And it will definitely be the end of Nazi Fifth Columnism.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

OLD RACKETS POPPING UP IN NEW CLOTHES

A "WAVE" of fee-snatching propositions is sweeping the country.

Other pre-war rackets, too, are being revived, and some have been re-dressed on topical lines.

My postbag is swelling with queries, and a detailed warning about the various types of pitfall to be looked for is clearly necessary.

Unfortunately, large numbers of readers only write to me after they have been caught instead of before.

The majority of recent complaints relate to attractive advertisements in local newspapers with limited circulations Generally, money is asked for *in advance*.

Now it is always risky to buy a "pig in a poke," especially where the advertiser is unknown

A few months ago, for example, bulbs of all kinds, fertilisers and insecticides were being advertised in a Midlands paper.

Thinking she was dealing with a reputable firm, a Coventry widow sent an order for half-a-guinea's worth of snowdrops and daffodils.

She received a postcard headed "S. Christopher Robinson, Nurseryman and Seedsman, Lynton Nurseries, North Devon," which acknowledged the receipt of her kind order and promised to fulfil it in due course.

After some delay she wrote a couple of reminders but received no reply. Lately officials of the Lynton Post Office have been returning letters sent to the elusive Christopher Robinson, marked "Gone Away."

Like so many of these tricky advertisement specialists, he vanished when it suited his purpose, leaving numerous people like the Coventry widow in the same boat.

People who are foolish enough to send money to advertisers of this type, whose offers they accept on their face value only, have no redress, of course, unless they can be traced.

GONE—WITH CASH

Unfortunately, the whereabouts of many remain lastingly unknown once they have "Gone. Away."

Nowadays, when renovated tyres and motor accessories are hard to obtain, several advertising firms—unknown in the trade—also seek money in advance for what appear to be worth-while goods.

Some months ago an Oldham reader saw an advertisement offering motor spares for sale. He communicated with the advertiser, and received a reply from Mr. F. W. Steeden, of Crofton Road, Orpington, Kent.

"Re Armstrong wheels, tyres and tubes (8-stud type), I am pleased to say I have these for disposal," wrote Steeden. "The wheels are complete with hub caps, tubes in good condition, and the tyres (450 x 18) quite reasonable."

The spares did not arrive, and eventually the Oldham client decided to put the matter in the hands of the local county court.

It was throwing good money after bad. Now, more than six months after he first sent his money, the bailiffs inform him that nothing further can be done as Steeden only occupied furnished rooms at the address given. So there the matter now rests.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

I have complaints before me about other advertisers dealing in renovated or remoulded tyres who carry on in the same sort of way.

One reader is £9 18s. the poorer through unsatisfactory dealings with one such advertiser, while another has had no reply to letters since forwarding £3 18s. last March.

It is small consolation to him that my inquiries show that some of the people associated with the firm were subjected to the following criticism by a trade protection society as far back as 1935:

"There have been frequent complaints that tyres paid for are only received after considerable delay, and in some cases only after personal intervention."

★ ★ ★

But—let me now leave the money-in-advance problem to deal with some of the others on my list.

For people interested in sport numerous attractive schemes are now being circulated. One comes from Mr. K. Currell, of Rosslyn Road, East Twickenham, Middlesex, and it is typical of many.

His circulars are often quite unsolicited, and he is seeking agents willing to act as client-finders for him in what he terms his "Square Deal Football Card."

His own profits are evidently so plentiful that he can offer would-be agents 50 per cent. commission on their takings. This gives them, he says, the opportunity of appointing sub-agents, and even sub-sub-agents!

He especially throws the lure of easy money to people working in factories, and emphasises that, with so many prospective clients, such an agency can be very profitable.

I haven't the space to go closely into his scheme, but it obviously infringes the Lotteries Act and is yet another of those ventures about which factory managements are growing more and more concerned.

This "Square Deal Football Card" is just typical of many other enterprises about which I am regularly receiving inquiries.

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Then there is the army of fee-snatchers, of whose number Mr. L. Taylor, of Berry Street, Burnley, is one. He has a scheme which embraces football pools, greyhound racing, investments, insurance deals and a matrimonial agency all in one.

Mr. Russell Chapman, General Secretary of the Advertising Association, which has launched a new Campaign to stop racketeers snaring victims through newspaper advertisements

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. Whittaker, Broadhurst Lane, Mossy Lea, Wrightington, Lancs, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are invited on all matters requiring enquiry or exposure. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

He calls it "The Happy Philosopher Brain Pools."

"Life is like a jig-saw puzzle, made up of many parts," he writes to people who answer his advertisements offering to solve life's problems, "so I want you to decide to join the Brain Pool you desire."

Mr. Taylor is an optimist if nothing else. Clients have to send a postal order for 2s. for particulars of his scheme, and all they get in reply are a couple of cyclostyled circulars which promise further details upon payment of his "service charge of 3s. 6d."

Apparently, for the additional fee, clients can get his advice about matrimonial matters, or football pools, or greyhound racing commissions.

There are many foolish people who will send money for such rubbish, and it's a pity people of Taylor's type can find it so easy to advertise.

JUST QUACKERY

Other regular adventurers who ought to have their activities curbed are self-styled eyesight specialists whose advertisements have been more and more creeping back into some papers lately.

"Glasses are merely crutches for the eyes," runs an advertisement of Mr. Ernest Havilland, of The Strand, London, W.C.2.

His organisation possesses the proud name of the Havilland Eyesight Institute, and, urging "home courses" of eye treatment without glasses, he makes preposterous charges for what is nothing more than unabashed quackery.

Chular and Sons, of Fitzwilliam Road, Rotherham, and R. S. Alam, of Clifton Lane, in the same town, are other quacks whose fee-catching advertisements ought to be stopped.

They are all minus qualifications, yet they have the impudence to tour the country treating eye sufferers.

INVESTMENT SNARES

Among the remaining rackets which everyone should guard against are those indulged in by Investment "advisers" or "specialists," of which there are quite a number operating to-day.

The Board of Trade has not yet ordered the compulsory registration of all outside brokers because an Act of Parliament, passed just before the war, has been shelved.

So many so-called brokers are now advising people to buy "options" in syndicates concerned with the marketing of inventions.

Quite a lot of deluded people have sunk money in one worthless venture which, for special reasons, I can only refer to in passing here.

And others are now being urged to buy "options" in the shares of a syndicate which is extolling some vague foreign concessions that may—or may not—be in existence when the war is over.

Don't part with money in any such scheme, no matter how bright the opportunities seem (on paper!), until you have had expert advice.

I could of course, go on indefinitely expanding my list of current ramps and rackets.

But I have said enough to indicate what readers should be on their guard against.

One thing I do wish to emphasise in conclusion—be cautious about sending money in advance for goods until you are satisfied that the offer comes from a firm which is well-established and of sound reputation.

Whenever you have any doubt, write to JOHN BULL about it!

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WOULD A "FAIR WAGE" WORK?

● "The Beveridge Report is fine! But how can I afford 4s. 3d. a week?"

That is a remark typical of many heard among the workers.

In my opinion, a living wage should be the first call on the national income. If any industry, as now run, cannot bear that, it should be so reorganised that it is able to do so.

I mean that the price of any article must be high enough to meet the cost of a fair wage for those who make it.

A system that allows a semi-starvation existence for any of its producers should not be allowed to continue.

Antediluvian arguments of the Manchester School type—"law of supply and demand" and all that—can no longer be used in a modern world. To-day, the State can take over anything, if the need drives it.

It can, at last, produce primarily for use and not with the profit motive as its essential urge.

Still, Sir William Beveridge considers that legislation for a national minimum wage is inevitable.

WILL BEVERIDGE WIN?

● I mean by that, "Will the Beveridge Report be adopted?" For Sir William, having completed a scheme he was asked to draw up, has explained it, and then left the battle to others.

Perhaps it is better to answer by saying that, after all the publicity it obtained on the air and in the newspapers, and after all the praise in Tory journals, the public would be so horrified if the plan did not go through that there would be an outcry the result of which would be a national disaster.

No, the Tories will whittle down the scheme, pass it, and then, at the next election, boast, "We gave you all this."

By doing that, they count on being re-elected. Then the Diehards among them will say, "That's enough!"

WILL AIR TRANSPORT COME?

● Already, the super-optimists about the future of air transport herald the dawn of an age in which shipping will be superseded by cargo 'planes!

America is planning the building of giant transport aeroplanes which will carry 50 tons and make seven two-way voyages across the Atlantic every month. Henry Kaiser is backer of the scheme.

At first only such things as newspapers and early season fruit will be carried.

Then, air transport will gradually begin to compete with shipping.

The end is a Wellsian dream.

"We and Great Britain must control this in the interest of the world," declares a leading American engineer.

Air transport should be controlled by *all* nations.

A SLICE OF LIFE . . . By WALDO KELLAR

DUSTIN—THE BROKEN MAN

"A deserter, a gutless yellow deserter; and a fool to think you could get away with it. Shove him inside!"

THEY brought Dustin back after forty days and forty nights. He had an air of awful dejection, of emptiness and utter weariness.

All deserters have that look when they are caught, or when misery or conscience makes them give themselves up.

Dustin looked sick as he stood in the grim, dim light of the guard-room. The police-sergeant, with a glare in his eyes like candlelight on ice and a rat-trap snapping at his wiry, breakback jaws, said:

"A deserter, a gutless yellow deserter; and a fool to think you could get away with it. Shove him inside!" And his mouth clicked shut; and the cell-door clicked shut, and darkness and silence swallowed Dustin until the next day when I saw him scrubbing the guard-room floor.

I do not like deserters, and cannot pity them. But the unmistakable haggard drag of heartache in Dustin's face moved me to say:

"You poor mug. What made you do it?"

"Fell for a girl," said Dustin, and cloth out of the pail and wrung it out.

"Why not you? It happens to everybody sometime or other."

"Me!" Dustin fished a dirty floor-laughed again. "Me. Just fancy that."

"Me! I was married once. I had seven years of it. I had all the misery in the world with that woman.

"She ran about with other fellows. She stole everything she could lay her hands on, ran me into debt. I was fond of her. She played me up, led me a dance, and then left me for somebody else. I was a fool.

"She died just before the war, I heard. I don't know how; I didn't care any more.

"Last leave, I went to see a man I used to know up North. He had a sister. The sister had a lady-friend that she introduced me to.

"Her name was Dora. She was about twenty-eight. Her picture is among my papers. She's the prettiest woman I ever saw in my life. I fell for her. I fell bad, hard, terrible hard. She's dark. You ought to see her eyes. If there was such a thing as black stars . . ."

HE scrubbed at a grease-spot.

"The crazy thing is that she fell for me, too," said Dustin. "She's a widow, with a bit of money of her own, just enough to live on. That had nothing to do with it. We used to go for walks together.

"She showed me her house over by the edge of the town; a pretty house right in the middle of a sort of park. We got engaged. I gave her a gold ring my father gave me.

"We couldn't bear to be away from each other . . . that's the funny part of it; she couldn't bear to be away from me. She told me so a thousand times.

"Afterwards, she wrote to me about it . . . couldn't eat, couldn't sleep for thinking about me. Was eating herself up, crying her heart out, *had* to see me, had *got* to see me. . . . But that was a wonderful week. It was!

"We just walked and talked and stayed together, and we couldn't bear to say good-night, but stood and talked and talked, even in the rain.

"We arranged to get married as soon as I could get leave.

"But when I got back to camp, good Lord in heaven, how rotten and empty everything was.

"I couldn't sleep or eat or find any interest in life, couldn't do anything but think about her.

"But I stuck it out as long as I could, and sweated on my next leave. And my leave was just about due, when I got into trouble. It was through thinking about her, looking forward to seeing her again. Madness. But there it is.

"I was out on field training. I was dozy and dreamy. I lost a pick and a spade; just left them somewhere—I forgot where, forgot all about them.

"I GOT called in on orders, forgot myself, was off-hand in answering, made a rotten bad impression, got fourteen days' C.B.

"Well, fourteen days is a terrible time to wait. That meant twenty-eight days' loss of privileges on top of the fourteen; and then my leave put back fourteen more.

"I went crazy. The first *Defaulters* on the revally of the day after, I just went sullen; didn't show up; got put in the report. The company officer was all right. He could smell something wrong. He talked to me like a gentleman.

"If he hadn't done so, I was in the mood to answer back. I didn't care. I didn't care if I died. The first three days crawled. They crawled so that they drove me mad. It's like waiting to get somewhere in a hurry on a matter of life or death. . . . And you get in a dead-slow train that stops every station for—it seems a year. . . .

"So one day I was coming off a Defaulters' drill in the afternoon, dressed up in my best to get by the inspection, dressed as it might be for leave.

"'Buses come through the camp. All of a sudden I jumped on one, got to the station, got to London, and then found that I didn't have more than a pound in my pocket. I had to get right up far-North.

"I got in a train as far as Rugby, and started to footslog it from there. I walked like on a forced march. I must have been mad, I dare say.

"I slogged up those roads, and couldn't think of anything but her, and couldn't find patience to stop and eat, and couldn't do anything but slog on though I was dead on my feet."

Dustin wiped sweat from his forehead with a lean forearm, and as he looked up at me he seemed to have aged ten years.

"In the end I got there. Nobody stopped me. It was sheer luck.

"I got to this little town. It was night. I went straight to her place up there by the park. She was still up. I knocked. She opened the door, and nearly fainted for joy when she saw me.

"Then she took me in and showed me why she'd been staying up. She'd been writing me a letter saying that if I didn't come soon she'd die.

"And after a bit I said: 'Dora, don't let on I'm here.'

"And she asked me what I meant. I remember she was looking at me. I told her what I'd done.

"And then all of a sudden her whole face got different. It kind of iced up, skinned over with ice like a pond overnight in a frost.

"I said: 'Dora, what is it?' And she said: 'So just because you couldn't have patience for a little, just because of that, you go and throw everything down the drain. What kind of a man are you?'

"She said: Did I go running away to you? But I'm fond of you the same as you are of me. What kind of a man *are* you—to drag everything back because of me, because of not waiting a few more days? What sort of a mind have you got, that you want to load us up with a rotten name for the sake of a few days?

"And she called me *Marrdie*—spoiled baby kind of thing—and said: 'I don't like you. You're marr'd and soft; go away from me.'

"So I went away. And I hung about, sort of dead, but alive. And in the end I gave myself up at Bedford."

A CORPORAL of Military Police appeared, and said: "Shullup, Dustin, and get on with that swabbing job." To me he said: "Let him get on with it."

I went. I caught a last glimpse of Dustin. He was scrubbing the floor, on his knees, crouching.

It occurred to me that his fate had beaten him down into that position, and there he would remain—unhappy man!—until death lifted him up and away.

Gentle Warning for the Over-Forties

BEING one of the over-forties, whenever I hear the words "Before the war" I have to stop and think a moment.

With the twenties, the twenty-fives, the thirties, the phrase registers at once. It means, simply, before the war. Pre-1939.

But, until I've thought a moment, it still means to me what—for that moment—it means to all the over-forties. It means pre-1914.

But it didn't mean *only* pre-1914 for those twenty years. It didn't mean only a *date*. It meant the things that were on the earth at that date and before that date.

Hansom cabs and Bohemia, music-halls and phonographs, musical comedy and the White City at Shepherd's Bush, red plush and painted mirrors. And because they were not only gone but cut off in their prime by a four-year war which changed everything, we sentimentalised over them.

★ ★ ★

Now, about the only things that remained with us from the pre-last-war years were the songs. We could no longer go to the White City. We could no longer ride in hansom cabs. But we *could* sing "Daisy Bell." And didn't we!

We complain of song-plugging. But no modern songs have ever been plugged as the songs of thirty years ago were plugged in the twenty years between the last war and this.

Everybody sang them. Everywhere.

And we over-forties didn't sing them only because they were good. We sang them because the new songs were—at any rate, to us—bad. Hotcha! Whoops! Mad songs. . . Dreary, moaning songs.

Well, history will repeat itself. When the boys come back and the little homes are set up here and there and Junior begins to grow up and bring home his own new brand of post-this-war "hits," Mum and Dad will look at him and look at each other and smile and shake their heads

★ ★ ★

And they'll get out a few of the old ones. "The good old songs *we* used to sing before the war, son. . . ."

"Minnie the Moocher," "South American 'ole," "In September in the Rain," "It's a Lovely Day To-morrow."

The songs that seemed bad songs when we sang the songs that were good to us.

They'll seem extra good songs to the middle generation when Junior and his own songs are growing up together after the war. Those songs will seem bad songs to the middle generation who can remember the days "before the war."

But what on earth will they seem like to us of the over-forty brigade?

Peace hath its terrors no less appalling than war.

A. G.

—HUMAN MACHINE—

OLDEST MYTH WE KNOW

One of the great temptations that beset the human mind is to say "It can't be done" when asked to do something new.

It isn't that we're all just lazy.

What we do is to hanker after being left alone.

Maybe we don't all know that that is what we want to do—but it mostly is.

Have a bit of honest self-examination and you'll agree.

You see, what so many people try to do is to fit the new world (that is always being born) into old moulds. They try the infinitely hard job of holding back progress, instead of marching along the way progress is going.

At a big motor car works in America, where this tendency to say "It can't be done" is well known, they've put up a notice:

"According to the theory of aerodynamics, and as may be readily demonstrated through wind-tunnel experiments, the bumblebee is unable to fly.

"This is because the size, weight, and shape of his body in relation to the total wingspread make flying impossible.

"But the bumblebee, being ignorant of these scientific truths, goes ahead and flies anyway."

The simple truth is that those who say, without trying, that "It can't be done" are inefficient people.

★ *Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).*

Are people sinning if they play cards?
—A scene from the film "Strictly Personal"

HUMANIST IS ASKED TO DEFINE RIGHT AND WRONG

WHAT is right—and what is wrong?

Many people ask me that. Some point out that they can quote the Bible either in defence of war or of pacifism.

They indicate alternative methods of deciding whether one is pursuing the right line of conduct or not—as example, a community's unwritten rules of conduct.

Can we always accept them? they ask.

They speak of conscience. If it is to be our guide, why does it vary so widely with different individuals.

Typical of these "Where do I stand?" letters is the problem of an elderly man reader:

"When I was in my teens," *he writes*, "it was driven into me that smoking, drinking, card-playing, theatre-going, dancing and betting were anathema in the eyes of the Church.

"From those early days I have tabooed the lot, and in so doing I don't feel I have missed much.

"What I want to know is: Were my teachers wrong? You said a short time ago that many things which were denounced as wicked a century ago are now regarded as harmless.

"As a Sunday school teacher I hate to see young people smoking cigarettes, but if I say anything I shall suffer the wrath of the other teachers.

"If habits are to be treated as evil in one generation and harmless in the next, don't you think the Church should have the courage to tell people what is right and what is wrong?

"No wonder you get worrying letters when the Church itself does not make up its mind."

It is an interesting letter, and the writer is obviously a very sincere man. I see the point of his argument clearly enough.

But I wonder if he would agree that his solution is impossible unless there is an infallible authority who must decide all our problems of conduct?

I can guess to which Church he belongs from what he has told me, and I am sure that the idea of a supreme human authority would be rejected.

Private judgment is bound to result in differences of opinion about what is lawful and otherwise

ANOTHER man's letter deals with a similar subject.

Please do not throw away this letter because it is not typewritten," *he says in the first sentence.* "If a parent warns a child about the terrible consequences of a particular action the chances are that the child will do it just for the excitement of doing what is forbidden.

"Aren't we all like that? The Church should teach us the difference between right and wrong, but instead of threatening us with hell fire it should show us how in sinning we fail our fellow-men and God.

"In my opinion, we worry too much about the sins we commit, but not half enough about our sins of omission. This applies not only to individuals, but also to the State which is just a bunch of individuals.

"Don't you think that sermons should be less like a lecture on the consequences of sin and be more direct about the positive business of living? So much of the Church's teaching about right and wrong depends upon the private views of each parson.

"Why can't the Church issue a sort of Atlantic Charter for to-day instead of the ancient laws of a wandering nation so remote from modern life?"

The writer's argument leads to the same goal as that of the first letter, but he does make two fresh points: (1) The need to emphasise the positive values of doing right rather than continually threatening against doing wrong; (2) that we are prone to overlook the sins of omission.

We can denounce the man or woman who has been cruel to a fellow-being—that is simple enough—but do we realise the sin of failing to do an act of kindness when the chance came our way?

I agree with the writer: that is a serious criticism which will go home to a good many of us.

By the way, he need not have apologised for not typing his letter. Only about one letter in ten which reaches me is typewritten, and his own handwriting was a pleasure to read.

I have room for another very short letter:

"When I was about fourteen," *says the writer*, "I lived with my grandparents, who were very strict. One Saturday night, after I was safely tucked up in bed, I suddenly remembered that I had not cleaned my shoes. It worried me so much that I got dressed and went downstairs to clean them before the clock struck twelve.

"I laugh now when I think about it, but at the time I felt it would be a great sin to clean shoes on the Sabbath. My own children think I was a little idiot. I wonder what you think about it?"

If the writer felt it was wrong to clean shoes on Sunday morning, then, for her, it was wrong. By acting as she did she was saved the pangs of a guilty conscience. At the same time I think she had a quaint idea of the Creator of the Universe.

LIFE'S GREAT ANTISEPTIC

THE Breath of Berlin breeds Bad Feeling, it is offensive in the extreme. It spreads War and contaminates countries with its constant contagious stream. It pollutes whatsoever it reaches, and Truth's Glass it hotly clouds, and with the Paralysis of Rumour grips the mind of the wavering crowds.

IT exudes the germs of false secrets, and in suspicion foully abounds, it whistles along with the Hunter and it whimpers and whines with the hounds. It delights in dark patterned deceptions, and it lies thick on the Judas Kiss, it is unparalleled in persecution and it's unrivalled in shattering bliss.

IT stirs up Life's muddy waters that 'neath History's Bridges must pass, and it foments diabolical hatreds, and sets class bitterness against class.

IT inflames men's emotions, and aggravates festering sores. Oh, the Breath of Berlin is World Famous as an Epidemic Carrier of Wars. But the Antidote to its Poison is FAITH in Man's Better Self. FAITH is also Life's GREAT ANTISEPTIC, and it stands on Life's Open Shelf. J. M.

VOICE OF THE

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SERVING with the 2nd S. Lancashire Regt., C.S.M. J. Dolby is not impressed with Madagascar. He writes to his family at Sandy Lane, Weaverham, Cheshire:

I wrote some time back about our capture of Madagascar, and now after mature consideration I'm all in favour of the locals keeping their own ——— country; they can have it so far as I am concerned—all of it!

We had a short scrap when we landed, but I am all safe and sound, thank you. We lost a few good lads, so I suppose we can't grumble. Altogether it was quite warm enough for yours truly while it lasted.

All is peaceful now. The French and the natives are quite friendly. The town!!! here comprises the usual Eastern shacks and bazaars, etc. There is one cinema for I don't know how many troops. One has to queue up the day before to get in—and then you may find that the programme consists of a French *silent* picture!

Well, I am now in my twenty-first year in the Army, and should now be brushing up my bowler hat before taking baby out in the pram. However, I hope to be home soon.

MATTER OF PRINCIPLE

Out in Colombo, Pte. S. V. Salter, L.H.A., finds bananas, coconuts and a nice cup of tea. He writes to his mother at Walton Road, Manor Park, London, E.12:

Bananas and coconuts are plentiful here, and we are always sure of a nice cup of tea—they grow it here!

The natives are very friendly, but they try to rob us as a matter of principle. It is difficult to argue with them, as they profess to know no English, and as we know about the same amount of their lingo things are a bit difficult at times. A few cuss words seem to help out when we get to bargaining.

There are a few cinemas here, but I prefer seeing my pictures at the "local." I keep very well in spite of the heat.

FREE DRINKS

On the way out East Gunner S. Whitehead puts into port and attends a race meeting. He writes to his mother at St. Philips Road, Cambridge:

After the long sea voyage land again was a pleasant change. I went to a race meeting and backed four winners out of six, so I won a bob or two and had a good afternoon's sport.

It didn't cost us a penny to go into the grandstand and drinks were brought round to us at regular intervals—that's what I call hospitality!

After a very pleasant time on shore we now continue our voyage to somewhere, so Cheerio!

A RUM "DO"

Mentioned in Despatches while serving on H.M.S. "Coventry," which was blown up by enemy bombers, Telegraphist W. Shoemark is little worse for his experience. He writes to his father, Sgt. E. W. Shoemark, R.A.S.C., Lea Gate, Preston:

It was a pretty rum "do," and there was plenty of excitement while it lasted. But things happen in a few seconds, and you don't have time to worry.

We had been dealing with Stuka dive bombers ever since we came out here, but there came a day when they decided to have their own back. The Stukas came over the old ship and she caught it fair and square. Then it was good-bye!

I was lucky; the net result was that I had a few scratches and a rather large size in black eyes. I am well and fit now except for deafness in one ear, which is not surprising, because you do hear a rather loud bang when one of Jerry's bombs goes off alongside you.

Despite what the sergt.-major says about Madagascar in the opening letter, these lads seem to be enjoying themselves there

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

Beware of careless printing, too! On posters advertising a football match between a R.A.F. team and local men the address of the aerodrome to which the R.A.F. team is attached is printed for all to see!—I. C., Craig Park Hill, Newport.

* * *

Those who grumble about 'bus drivers should listen to U.S.A. troops, who admiration remark: "Gee! but how do these guys manage to find their way in the black-out?"—A. E. Gordon, 1 Reighton Road, London, E.5.

* * *

Small property owners should demand a fair deal They have to pay War Damage Insurance, and excessively high cost of repairs, yet cannot increase rents. There is no income tax relief for W.D. Insurance.—E. Broad, Brean Down Avenue, Weston-super-Mare.

* * *

Welfare Department rightly insists that babies must have a bed of their own. I found that the price of the cheapest drop-side cot was £8 10s.!—Mrs. J. Jordan, King's Heath, Birmingham.

TROOPS

A GRAND LEAVE

After fourteen days' leave in New York, A.C.I. G. Wiltshire, R.A.F., serving in Canada, writes to his relatives at Uphill, Urchfont, Devizes, Wilts, to tell them all about it:

New York is no place for a rest-cure. First we arrived with very little American cash in our pockets, which meant that we went chasing round to the banks to get some real money.

Our financial problems being solved (for the time being), we went to Radio City, and what a place that is! Coming away from there we looked into Jack Dempsey's Bar, and they wouldn't let us pay for a drink.

After that we went places, and eventually got to bed at 6 a.m., which was a pretty good start to our leave.

As the days went by we went to shows and show-places, getting a warm-hearted welcome everywhere. We went right up to the top of the Empire State Building, which is some skyscraper, and found some Englishmen up there, which meant more hospitality—in glasses!

That was a leave, that was! We had a hectic time, and the New Yorkers made as much fuss of us as if we were Royal visitors.

A QUIET HIDEOUT

Here is a story of the little troubles and pleasures aboard ship on the way out East. Sgt. J. E. Gough, R.A.S.C., writes to his mother at the Leopard Inn, Frogmore Street, Bristol:

At this stage we found that the best spot on board was a lifeboat, high up on the top deck.

Here we would play pontoon (for matches—no gambling permitted!) and lazily watch the sea go by. Flying-fish, sharks and schools of porpoises gambolling in our wake. From time to time we would open another tin of fruit.

Nemesis overtook us in our hide-out in the form of an irate duty officer, who in no uncertain terms quoted Ships Standing Orders, adding a few lively phrases of his own manufacture, before turfing us out. So we had to find another resting-place.

Our usual daily routine was bed to dining-hall, and dining-hall to bed. The chief break in this exciting life of hustle and bustle being a game of "Housey" every evening in the sergeants' lounge.

In port after countless black nights at sea it was refreshing to see lights all over the bay, and up on the hillside the twinkling lights of the town, while in the bay the tropical moon is reflected in a calm sea

BEGGARS AND BIRDS

Serving in India, Sign. J. G. Slow, R.A., is impressed by the beggars rather than the scenery. He writes to his mother at Pirton Road, Holwell, Hitchin, Herts:

The surprising thing about India is the amazing number of people requiring backsheesh. At every station and village we passed through there were hordes of old men, young men and little brown kids down to the age of three; all with outstretched palms and yelling for alms. They must think we are millionaires, not —— soldiers!

When buying things in the bazaars the main idea is to pay about one-tenth of the price they ask for anything on sale, but the beating-down process takes a long time.

Wild life, apart from the natives, is interesting. We meet the queerest insects in the most unexpected places, and some of the birds are the limit. They swoop down like dive-bombers when we draw our meals, and pinch your dinner right off your plate, if you don't watch out.

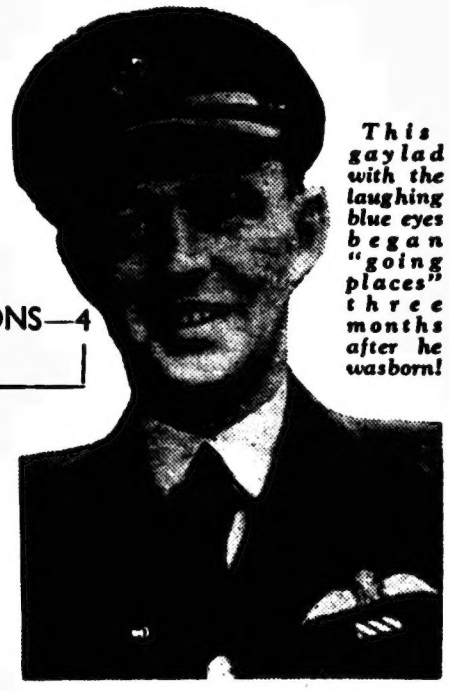
★ *Suddenly "the Thing" loomed before the Sunderland flying-boat. It was as if a mammoth policeman's arm, probably a hundred or more miles long and thirty miles thick, had stretched itself over the sea, signalling "Stop!" And here's the thrilling story of what happened*

One Young Man's 3 Years of War

IMMORTALS OF THE SQUADRONS—4

★

By JOHN CASHEL



This gayla with the laughing blue eyes began "going places" three months after he wasborn!

TWENTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Squadron Leader J. M. Ennis, A.F.C., captain of the eleven aero-mariners aboard, all helping to escort a convoy off the West African coast, had to think fast.

He was heading into the centre of a tropical storm, a gigantic cloud black as night.

Once caught in its swirling air currents his 32-ton Sunderland would be helpless.

If he dived under the grim monster, which hung about a thousand feet off the sea, his craft would be in danger of being struck and smashed by one of the many water-spouts surging like huge pillars between sea and cloud.

Wind's Fantastic Tricks

So he swung his aircraft round and made along the storm-cloud's fringe, hoping to get round it.

On one side of him the world was light, on the other pitch dark.

And the wind was playing such fantastic tricks that, though its cruising speed was only 130 knots, the Sunderland was suddenly *climbing* at 175 knots!

This upset the engines, forcing a descent on the sea.

Waves were running twenty feet high, and the one hope was to touch down between them.

But, when Ennis did this, the flying-boat bounced some fifty feet into the air and then, with a crash, dropped down about seventy feet between the next two.

The impact broke the Sunderland's back.

It also—though he did not know it then—fractured Ennis's spine.

His first thought was the bomb room, and a man went to put the depth charges to safe as they were all fused to go off in shallow water.

The man never returned.

Water was fast filling the hull, and the others had just time to scramble on top of the sinking aircraft.

Ennis's legs then collapsed under him, and he realised he was badly injured.

Eight feet of water was now inside the aircraft. Warrant Officer Shakes, a New Zealander, and Flight Sergeant Brior, a Sussex man, dived into it and pulled out the only dinghy they could recover.

On to it some of the crew helped their captain to crawl off a wing, and with their aluminium paddles moved off—while the others swam alongside in their "Mae Wests" and pushed.

Resounding Explosions

So they progressed to a safe distance before, with resounding explosions, the depth charges went off and the wreck went up.

Thus began a ten-men voyage of three nights and days with three tins of tomato juice as food and drink between them.

Soon the rubber of half the dinghy burst.

They lashed it up so that two men could lie half under water on the deflated side, with one on the inflated side.

The remainder swam, each having three hours in the water and half an hour on the dinghy.

The nights were long, the one consolation being that in the dark without the sun it was warmer in this tropical water than outside it.

Dog-fish and jelly-fish troubled the swimmers. Some of the dog-fish even bit the captain as he lay helpless on the dinghy.

His second in command, Flight Lieutenant Alex Espley, who had taken over, frequently sacrificed his rest period on the dinghy for others.

They waited a day and a half before opening their first tin of tomato juice. Aircraft and ships passed them, but the airmen had no distress signals, and so couldn't attract attention.

After two days, a Hudson spotted them and dropped rations and dinghies. One man, who had drunk salt water, went out of his mind and died.

Next day a destroyer picked up the others, and all, save the captain, were soon back at their job again.

With his fractured spine he was for months encased in plaster of paris, but even that couldn't keep a good aero-mariner down.

He used to get the nurses to write jokes on his plaster with their lipsticks!

Sailed an Aircraft!

That dinghy epic is just one officially-recorded episode in the tough and adventurous life of an aero-mariner . . . one of many young men who are writing in deeds the immortal history of Coastal Command.

Here is another that illustrates the "half a sailor" rôle of the same pilot:

"After escorting a convoy all night from our base in West Africa, we ran short of petrol and came down on the sea five miles off Dakar, then controlled by Vichy France.

"Not intending to drift within the three-mile limit and be fired on or interned, we decided to *sail* home.

"We rigged up as a sail the big awning used to cover stationary aircraft in tropical climates, lashing it over dinghy oars improvised as masts.

"Then we dropped a piece of wood overboard from the rear turret, while a man in the front turret timed the wood's drift over the distance of the length of the aircraft.

"This told us we were making a speed of one knot!

"And, with the aid of our compass bearing, enabled us to know we were heading for home.

"So when base signalled 'Have you anything further to report?' we replied 'Yes, am under sail making good one knot on track for base.'

"In seven hours we'd done seven knots, when a destroyer took us in tow."

To this racy story, the records of Squadron 204 add yet more, such as:

In the North Sea's vilest weather, Ennis, then second pilot, was one of thirteen in a Sunderland forced down after a nine-hour patrol with wings iced up, radio suffering from atmospherics, petrol almost run out, and the Scottish coast hundreds of miles away.

For nearly nine hours their craft tossed about, with wireless operators tapping out messages and not knowing whether they were received or not till daylight brought an answer that help was on the way.

Finally—what they'd all dreaded, just as the rescuing *H.M.A.S. Australia* came into view. An enormous wave struck the flying-boat.

It almost overturned, and the crew scrambled on top and jumped for it.

Ropes were thrown them from the cruiser and several of her men dived in to help them as they were being buffeted against the ship's side.

Ennis was one of nine of the thirteen who came through.

The adventures in this one young man's three odd years of war are incomplete without a final story.

In thousands of routine miles on convoy work, he failed to see a U-boat.

Then, while *ferrying* an American flying-boat across the Atlantic, he saw one.

And, since it was a new aircraft, he had neither bombs nor depth-charges aboard to mark the occasion!

QUICK ANSWERS

PEOPLE are still asking what types of paper are unsuitable for repulping; how can they light fires, and are there special points to remember about saving waste paper.

Cellophane, tarred paper and vegetable parchment paper are all unsuitable for repulping.

Fire-lighters, small twigs, dry leaves, fir cones and shavings can all be used to reduce the amount of paper necessary to start a fire. All fragments of greasy paper should be saved for fire lighting.

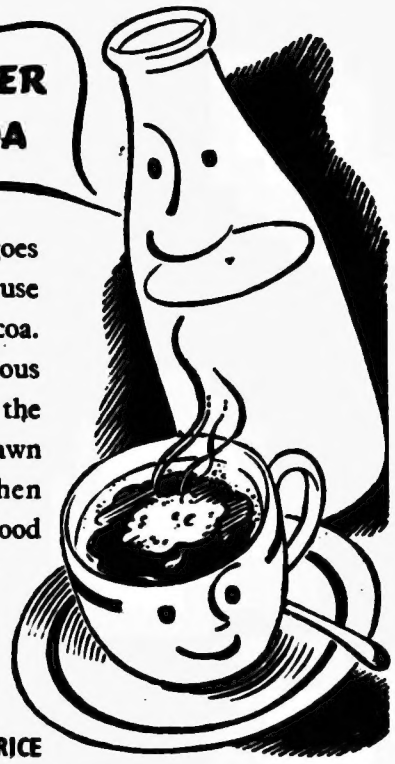
Special points to remember are:—

(*a*) Keep waste paper apart from other salvage.

(*b*) Keep it dry.

(*c*) Keep newspapers, books and magazines separate from your mixed waste-paper.

And become a Salvage Steward. Application should be made to your local council, who will welcome your services.



A small milk ration goes a long way when you use it with Bournville Cocoa. It's more than a delicious drink. It's full of the things that build brawn and muscle, strengthen teeth, enrich the blood and steady frayed nerves. And it actually costs less than before the war!

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

(You save on ½ lbs)

LAST LAUGH

M. P. (Woking).—"There is not much difference nowadays between bread and sausages." No, but perhaps the bread tastes a little bit meatier.

L. D. (Okehampton).—"Tired of having my excuses rejected, the other night when I expected to be home late I bought by wife a cheap new hat." She wouldn't wear that, either?

M. S. (Penrith).—"I am enclosing my design for a complete Utility suit. Can you tell me in two words what you think of my idea of putting it on the market?" Complete futility.

R. S. (Midlands).—"The other night, fearing enemy activity, I went to work in my tin-hat." Has it got wheels on?

D. K. (Iver).—"Readers still enjoy trying to find the guilty person in a detective story." Strange! When his name is always on the title page.

D. M. (Dulwich).—"Russian vodka is consumed without the addition of water." Unlike our beer, which is.

D. K. (Dorking).—"A soldier on leave in London refused tickets for a matinée, saying that he preferred to rest in the park." Evidently a severe case of Ensa.

T. R. (Rye).—"The London and Moscow Underground systems are the biggest in the world." Since Mr. Churchill's journey to Russia and back the *Luftwaffe* theory is that they meet.

G. B. (Felixstowe).—"Our cat once swallowed a £5 note, but a vet. succeeded in regaining it for us." It isn't often that you find so much in the kitty.

H. K. L. (Accrington).—"Years ago when I was practising dentistry in a country district some of my patients would pay me in kind." Did a farmer ever turn up with three achers and a cow?

D. W. (Ashford).—"The last time we had the house decorated was years ago, and I remember the decorator well—an excitable fellow with a little moustache." It may have been——. But, no. Hitler has never been to this country.

T. B. C. (Leeds).—"Before stuffing a marrow the seeds should be carefully scooped out with a long-handled spoon." This is necessary, as the vegetable is not fitted with a zip-fastener.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Say, I'd like to give this guy a cigarette if only I knew the way in."

Side-Slips

THE CITIZEN:—"It is not worth the inevitable depression when the effect has worn off and the SHARK reality has to be faced."

EMPIRE NEWS:—". . . and if he wasn't born with a silver spoon in his MONTH he had soon a very handsome one in his hand."

DEWSBURY REPORTER: — "Little Miss K—— R——, aged six, has contributed 3s. She has PAINED and sold d'oyleys."

MONA'S HERALD:—"The bride's mother wore a ORAL gown, with navy hat and shoes. . . ."

NEWS CHRONICLE: — ". . . Proposed a HEAVY vote of thanks to the chairman. . . ."

BOB MARTIN'S

in two forms—

POWDERS

TABLETS

As a wartime measure, part of the output of Bob Martin's Condition Powders is now being issued in tablet form. One tablet is the exact equivalent of one powder, and both are equally efficacious in purifying a dog's blood. Easy to give, a daily Bob Martin's—powder *or* tablet—will keep your dog always healthy and happy.

IN PACKETS OF 9 FOR 7d., 21 FOR 1 1½

Best Value for Money—Best Value for Coupons!

"Walters'" **"Palm" Toffee**

Control Price 5d. per qtr.

DELIGHTS · STRENGTHENS · SUSTAINS

GOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good **FOOD**

Short, we're afraid but still being made

BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS

GREATEST OF THESE

● After eight years' Army service in India, John Lewis received his discharge. For the past two years his health has been very poor—suffering from frequent epileptic fits. On that account he is very rarely able to work for more than a few consecutive weeks.

Within the last five months Mr. and Mrs. Lewis have lost two children in tragic circumstances. Their little son aged two died of pneumonia; and a girl, of five was killed in a train accident. As the coroner's verdict was "accidental death" no compensation could be obtained, and the parents have the added worry of not being able to pay a bill of nearly £13 for funeral expenses.

They still have two little boys under six years to care for. In view of her husband's serious disability Mrs. Lewis is anxious to make arrangements to have the children looked after so that she can obtain work and so maintain their home.

The vicar of the parish assures us that this family deserve all sympathy and help.

Will you please send a donation, earmarked "Tragic," or for our General Fund, to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Every penny sent is passed to those in need, as all administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,352

E. Brown, 11, Mount Street, Aberdeen, for this "Bullet":—

FLOOD OF LESSONS
'"FLOWING" 'FROM "THE DON."

£20: H. P. Walley, 17, Testwood Rd., Millbrook, Southampton.
Astonished Everybody—Office "Sheik," Desert Hero!

£10: R. G. Patterson, 295, Hunts Cross Ave., Woolton, Liverpool.
Shows We're Showing—Leg, Enemy "Showing Heels."

£5: J. McQueen, View Bank, Gilmerton, Midlothian.
Key To The Future—If Germany's "Code" Destroyed.

£4: F. Hood, 16, Grant's Cres., Seaham, Co. Durham.
Longing For A Box—Of Matches, "Baby" India.

£3: Mrs. C. M. Morris, 3, Camberley Ave., Raynes Park, S.W.20.
Round The Duce—"Daggers Drawn"—Swagger's Withdrawn.

£2: F. C. Lamb, 47, Burnthwaite Rd., Liverpool.
Longing For A Browning—Hearing Politician Spout Poetry!

NEW YEAR CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

30s.: H. Evason, 14, Whitfield St., Birkenhead.
Longing For A Peaceful—Spot Like Abyssinia, Italians!

30s.: Cpl. C. M. Holmes, Somewhere-in-Britain.
When Victory Comes—Dad's "Black-outs" Finally Perfected!

24s.: J. Cuthbert, 4, Woodend Cotts., Hill-of-beath, Cowdenbeath, Fife.
Astonished Everybody—Raider's "Dive"—And Grandpa's!

20s.: L. Brown, 1, Powers Court, Russell St., Leamington Spa.
Grim Struggle—Before Pantomime Fairy "Airborne"!

20s.: Miss V. Parker, 17, Arlon Ave., Camp Hill Rd., Nuneaton.
All Out—Villagers—Framing The Bell-ringer!

A list of 100 Winners of Christmas Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

46 XMAS PRIZES

WON IN XWORD 304

WINNING WORDS: 1. Weed. 2. Rest. 3. Fuss. 4. Good. 5. Glum. 6. Goose. 7. Dragged. 8. Aid. 9. Goodly. 10. Here. 11. Fuzz. 12. Rock. 13. Gulp. 14. Showy.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: A. E. Porter, Hill Rise, Icknield Way, Tring; J. F. Raine, 33, Calmont Rd., Bromley, Kent; W. Scott, 47, High St., Silverdale, Stoke-on-Trent; F. Sharp, 79, Spring Bank, Grimsby. Runners-up Awards value £23 shared between 42 entrants. In addition 6-lb. Xmas Cake goes to each Runner-up.

FOOD FACTS

Drive on to FIGHTING FITNESS

You too can drive on in this war. You can make FIGHTING FITNESS for your job as powerful a weapon as a tank or a plane. The Ministry of Food have made the food plans, brought the supplies to your front.

Food for your health is part of the Ministry's policy. The record crop of potatoes was no accident, nor was the increase in the cheese ration — the medical and dietetic advisers of the Ministry of Food want us to have these foods. Use them all. They are there for a purpose — to make us FIGHTING FIT.

RATIONS First make *full* use of your rations. These will give you all the body-building food you need. For example, eat your 8 oz. of cheese every week. If you don't you are losing an essential food. Children especially need cheese.

VEGETABLES Next back up these rations with plenty of vegetables. These will give you most of your vitamins. Potatoes (1 lb. a day), greens and salads, and when you can't get greens, eat the root vegetables, especially carrots and swedes.

GRAIN FOODS Finally, fill up the corners with grain foods — this means substantial foods like porridge, oatmeal, barley and bread. From these you get our old friend Vitamin B.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 127

DON'T WASTE INTERNAL 'FUEL'

Proper nourishment is not merely a matter of how much you eat, or even *what* you eat. It depends on your ability to get out of your meals every ounce of Strength and Energy they can give you. The action of *Yeast* on other food components, coupled with its marked tonic effect on the digestive system, does this and so prevents waste of valuable internal 'fuel.' *Yestamin is pure Vitamin Yeast*–highly concentrated–each tablet a veritable mine of the vital Vitamin B, of which Yeast is the richest source known to Science. Yestamin, taken at meal times, will give you Strong Nerves and a Steady Stomach, banish Depression and Fatigue, build up a stout and growing resistance to common ailments and so defy the Winter. Start on Yestamin NOW—it is *entirely free from drugs* and costs only a penny a day.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN
YEAST TABLETS
100 for 1/3 · 300 for 3/3

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO., LTD., BURTON-ON-TRENT.

JOHN BULL'S NEW YEAR PRIZES!

VALUE OVER £125 — Awards value £25 between Runners-up — £100 CASH & XWORDS — 50 4lb NEW YEAR CAKES ONE WITH EACH RUNNER-UP AWARD VALUE 10/- OR OVER

Xword No. 304 Result—page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No 308

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 IT'S RIGHT PEOPLE SHOULD BE PARTICULARLY CHARY ABOUT	L FT			
2 ORANGES AND LEMONS ARE INVALUABLE AS THIS IN SOME ILLNESSES	CUR			
3 MANY A WILD BEAST SEEMS TO BE QUITE AT HOME IN	AIR			
4 IT ISN'T WISE TO WORK THIS TILL WORN OUT	P N			
5 HAVING TO MEET HEAVY BILLS CAUSES MANY A WOMAN TO BECOME	PA ER			
6 SOME MEN THINK THIS HAS CONSIDERABLE FOOD VALUE	MIL			
7 IT'S IMPORTANT WE MAKE USE OF THIS TO-DAY	OR			
8 YOU GENERALLY EXPECT GOOD ONE TO GO FAIRLY FAST	MA E			
9 IT'S INTERESTING IF YOU GET THIS IN OLD-FASHIONED PICTURE ALBUM	EEP			
10 JUDGE GETS WEARY OF COUNSEL WHO DOES THIS IN COURT	PRO ES			
11 SOME PEOPLE SEEM TO LIKE MAKING BIG SPLASH WITH	AR			
12 MAY EXPLODE SUDDENLY	MIN			
13 ASSOCIATED WITH ONE OVER THE EIGHT	INE			
14 GARDENER WILL HANDLE MORE CAREFULLY BARROW THAT IS	LOA ED			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Jan. 16

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, JAN. 4.

Signed .....

Address ..... 308.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in **Bullets** will be awarded for best **Bullet** received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. **Xwords** First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of there being Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one **Xword** Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete **Xword** in ink, not pencil. 2—The Editor undertakes that every entry in **Bullets** and **Xwords** shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two **Bullets** or 6d. per two **Xword** columns used. Two **Xword** columns FREE with each six paid. Two **Bullets** FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated January 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

FIRST BULLETS PRIZES of 1943!

FIRST PRIZE £50 — VALUE OVER £200 — 25 FINE 4lb New Year CAKES — £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 25/- 24/- 22/- 20/- — 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Jan. 15.

TO WIN THE PEACE
SOMETHING TO FIGHT FOR
THANKS TO BEVERIDGE
NO MAN
ROUND THE CORNER
THE HARD TRUTH
FRIGHTENS NOBODY
SOMETHING FOR NOTHING
SOUND EDUCATION
A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

BULLETS 1,352 RESULT appears on page 14

WORK AND WORRY
IN PAIN
MUST GO ON
WHEN WE GET OLD
LOOKS BLACK
FATHER'S MOTTO
AT A STANDSTILL
HE'S THE BOSS, BUT
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS
FROM START TO FINISH

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

YEAR OF.....
WARNING FOR.....
MODEL.....
WORTHY OF.....
MAN WHO CAN.....
LOOKING INTO THE.....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated January 16.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
Closing Postmark 1,356 Monday, Jan. 4.

Signed .....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,356—or Xword No. 308, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

SCO

The Magic Oven Cleaning Powder

CLEANS COOKERS

Sco removes hard baked on grease from ovens, burners, shelves, grids, etc., **Quickly** without scouring or scrubbing. Sco is odourless, speedy, efficient, economical. NO BRUSH REQUIRED.

Bottles 7½d. (whilst available)

Large Tins 10½d.

From Ironmongers, Grocers & Woolworths

Sco Manufacturing, Charlbury, Oxford.

FALSE TEETH

and comfort with confidence

A denture which, owing to gum shrinkage, no longer fits perfectly, is painful and embarrassing. To restore comfort with confidence, Dentists recommend KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, prepared specifically *to make false teeth fit firmly*. Sprinkled evenly but sparingly on the contact surface of the plate, KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE will hold it in position for many hours. From all Chemists in 1/3d Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag; also in the large 'Economy' size, 3/3d.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

An Excellent Recipe for the Family Cold

Easily made up at home.

If you want to stop family colds going the round, make up this good old-fashioned recipe and keep it always at hand.

Directions :—Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may add a little sugar or syrup if you have any to spare. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children use a teaspoon. You can get a 1 oz. bottle of Parmint (Double strength) at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

COLDS & 'FLU

quickly relieved by

Cephos

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/9 & 2/6 SINGLE DOSE 9d.

If your feet hurt —get CRO-PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 30 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and a speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

CRO-PAX

FOOT AIDS are within the reach of all, from 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists . . . and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD. Nottingham & London

C24

SKIN BLOTCHES

and irritations

RELIEVED INSTANTLY

Here's wonderful news for all sufferers from any kind of skin irritation or eruption—the *positive promise* of instant relief with Cadum Ointment! This is a sure standby in all cases of skin diseases and infections. Even ulcers, sores and running wounds quickly yield, speedily disappear and are obliterated by the growth of healthy, new skin. Thousands testify to its healing power. Of all chemists, 1/5 & 3/5 a box (Including Tax).

CADUM

the wonder-healing ointment

24

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

FUEL RIGHTS- and WRONGS

IT'S RIGHT *to*

Fully cover hot plates and use all retained heat.

Boil kettles on your sitting room fire—it will save your gas and electricity.

Read your meters every week to see how much fuel you are saving and where you can make further economies.

Remember that the coldest time of the year is still to come—so save hard now.

IT'S WRONG *to*

Leave gas or electric fires burning when a room is empty.

Use electric appliances between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. because that is the peak period for the war factories.

Light a coal fire at a set hour each day—leave it until it is really needed.

Use the poker to make the fire blaze up; coal burns longer in large lumps.

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

NO ECONOMY IS TOO SMALL TO COUNT

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

Much better in health and vitality

—am taking Phosferine says C.M.

"I have been troubled with nerves and lack of energy. I decided to give Phosferine a trial and I am glad to say I have felt much better in health and vitality. I am taking the Tablets to prolong this grand feeling of 'full of life'."

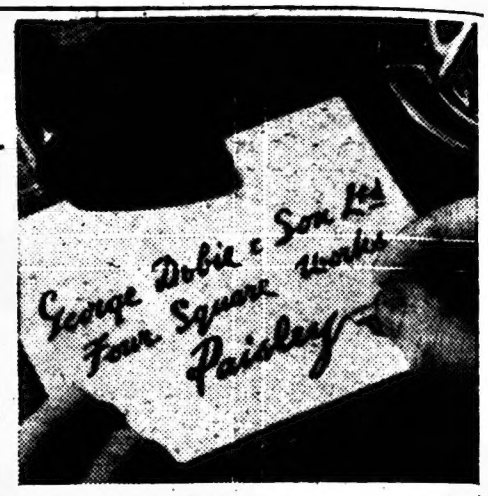
(Sgd.) Mrs. C. M.

When you feel run down and listless the first thing to do is to take Phosferine. You can actually feel the bracing, invigorating effect. A really great tonic! Ask your chemist for Phosferine to-day.

1/4 (No. 1 size) & 3/3 (No. 2 size)
(Including Purchase Tax)

PHOSFERINE
(Tablets or Liquid)
THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Write to us if you can't get your FOUR SQUARE



Many pipe smokers who are living away from home seem to be finding difficulty in getting their favourite FOUR SQUARE. If you are one of them please send us a line and we will do our best to put things right through a tobacconist near your present address. Incidentally, supplies can be sent DUTY FREE to H.M. Forces Overseas and British P.O.W. in Germany or Italy. Particulars from your Tobacconist or write direct to us.

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING—EIGHT BLENDS—ALL MEDIUM STRENGTH 2/2 to 2/6 per ounce

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

Have no doubt about healthy gums

protect gums as well as teeth with

If you see blood on your toothbrush, beware—it's a warning of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa). Stop these dangerous conditions *now* by using 'S.R.' Toothpaste. 'S.R.' contains Sodium Ricinoleate—the dentist's own treatment for gum troubles; that's why it helps to keep gums as well as teeth sound and healthy.

New Size 1/3 including tax

Return all empty metal tubes to your retailer and help the RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

GR 116-8-60 D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON

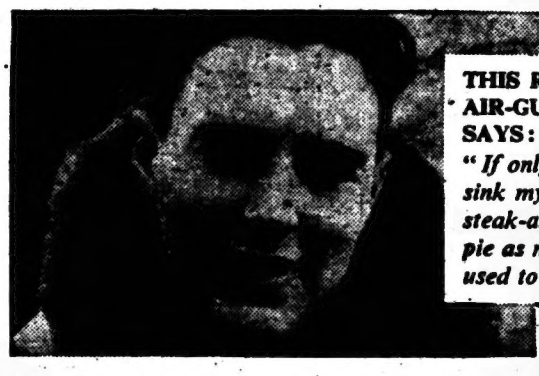
FOR THESE Skin Troubles I prescribe VALDERMA says doctor

SPOTS
PIMPLES
IMPETIGO
BARBER'S RASH
ECZEMA
BOILS
CUTS
ITCHING

Latest discovery. New, white, non-greasy antiseptic balm. Proved by bacteriological tests *ten times* as effective in killing germs as carbolic ointment. Prescribed by leading Skin Specialists. Supersedes old-fashioned, greasy, smelly ointments. Heals — makes skin clear and healthy in few days. "In a very troublesome case nothing has done as much good as Valderma. I shall certainly recommend it" . . . . . M.D.

At Boots and best chemists 2/- (including tax) or send postal order 2/- for full size jar. Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 56.F), 25/27, Berners Street, London, W.1.

VALDERMA



THIS R.A.F. AIR-GUNNER SAYS:

"If only I could sink my teeth in a steak-and-kidney pie as my mother used to make it!.."

"WE NEED A FAMILY WOMAN to cook for us"

The Royal Air Force and the Army need thousands of women to cook for them.

Fighting men *must* have good food. The best food in the country goes into their kitchens and it merits good cooking. Could *you* get the best out of it?

Age limits are 17½ to 43 for the ATS and 17½ to 50 for the WAAF. Previous experience is not necessary: you will receive a training that will be useful all your life. Cooks get extra pay, and chances of promotion are excellent now.

Go to a Recruiting Centre* or Employment Exchange for full information. Or send in the coupon (1d. stamp).

* Single girls born between January 1st 1918 and June 30th 1923 come under the National Service Act and must go to their Employment Exchange, not to a Recruiting Centre

297 Oxford Street, London, W.1 3019 GW.8.

Please send me full information about the ☐ *ATS* ☐ *WAAF* ☐ *BOTH* ☐ *Especially about cooking*
Tick which you want

Mrs. / Miss } ..... Cross out "Mrs." or "Miss"

Address.....

Date of birth ..... *In* .....

County.....

ATS and WAAF

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